Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 12.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 5—Second night of the engagement of Mr. Forrest. [See bills of the day.]

MONDAY, May 7—Third night of Mr. Forrest's engagement, and first night of Mrs. Sharpe and Mr. Hill's engagements. THE GLADIATOR and THE FOREST ROSE.

TUESDAY, May 8—Fourth night of Mr. Forrest's engagement. METAMORA and THE BENGAL TIGER.

WEDNESDAY, May 9—Fifth night of Mr. Forrest's engagement, and second night of Mr. Hill's engagement. OTHELLO—SPECULATIONS—and A DAY IN FRANCE.

THURSDAY, May 10—Sixth night of Mr Forrest's engagement, and second night of Madame Lecomte's engagement. KING LEAR—and THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH.

FRIDAY, May 11—Last night but three of Mr. Forrest's engagement, and last night of Mr. Hill's engagement. GLADIATOR—and OLD TIMES IN VIRGINIA.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The first three days of the week were devoted to benefits at this theatre, no one of which was as good as we wished, though neither was very thin. Mr. SIMPSON had, on Monday, far the best house of the week, the bill being very attractive, and the manager very popular. One novelty was presented on the occasion, in consequence of the indisposition of La petite AUGUSTA; Miss WELLS, our pretty little favorite, went on in her stead, in the part of Dew Drop, and succeeded. The hit was a decided one, short as had been her preparation for the part, and arduous as it is. It may be considered as the actual debut of Miss Wells in her profession, and as such it was full of good omens of her future success. We would not institute comparisons between her and her fair rival, (now on her passage to France), but venture to assure her that there is no rank in the line of her business to which she may not with confident hope aspire.

On Thursday evening *Fra Diavolo* was done for, and other atrocities committed, all being for the benefit of Mr. BROUGH, who deserved a far better house.—His own songs, however, were applauded to the echo, and to no one do our audiences listen with a more respectful and approving attention. We have expressed our opinion of him and of his style of singing before this, and with pleasure add that he is constantly gaining ground with the play goers.

By the way, is the stage management of the Park theatre as effective just at this moment as it has usually been? We are reminded to put the query by sundry recollections of the new opera, the *Siege of Rochelle*, *La Sylphide*, and more particularly *Fra Diavolo*, on Tuesday evening.

On Wednesday evening Mr. WHEATLEY took a benefit, and his beautiful and accomplished sister selected that occasion to take her leave of the stage. Never was she looking more finely, and never did she play more effectively. Thus is it always; the moment a fine woman has been cherished into favor, and won the favor of all the town, than is she sure to leave it, and we have to cast about for "a new candidate," destined to the same (to us playgoers) ungrateful lot.

On Thursday Mdme. LECOMTE commenced an engagement. The house was a good one, and she danced as ever—the most graceful and effective artiste that ever appeared on our stage. We have little to say of her performances, but are quite sure that we shall see them all.

Last night Mr. FORREST opened in *Metamora*, which he follows up with his usual variety of characters. It is too late for us to do aught but announce him.—Mrs. SHARPE reappears on Monday, to the great delight of all lovers of the drama.

THE NATIONAL.—On Monday evening "*Leila*," founded on Bulwer's novel of that name, was produced at this house, in a style that reflects great credit upon the enterprising manager. The piece has the credit of closely adhering to the ground-work of the original, and the dialogue, except in one or two instances, is very good. Mrs. H. WALLACK (late Miss Turpin) made her appearance as the heroine, which she rendered very effective. H. WALLACK personated *Almeman*, a character which no man could better represent than himself, and as usual, was miserably imperfect in his part. Indeed, this is a serious fault in this actor, and should at once be amended. Of the other characters it is unnecessary to speak, otherwise than that they received due justice from the hands of those to whom they were entrusted. The piece has unavoidably been suspended to allow Mr. VANDENHOFF to fulfil an engagement of four nights, prior to his departure for England. He appeared on Thursday evening as Othello, on Friday as Shylock, and to-night he plays Cardinal Woolsey, in Henry VIII., and Young Wilding, in "The Liar." On Monday evening he takes his farewell benefit, when he will be supported by the entire strength of the company.

LATHAM is expected in town in a few days, and we desire to suggest to the manager of the Park that it would afford particular gratification to a great number of his patrons to see him in *Sam Weller*. Since poor JOHN REEVE has gone there is no one that can so forcibly impersonate the immortal hero of the Pickwick Papers.

Mr. C. H. EATON, the American Tragedian, makes a tour (we understand), of the South-Western Cities.

This young gentleman embarks upon his journey with a professional reputation which does honor to the stage.

He has just closed an engagement at our Theatre, and has won the esteem and admiration of those who have witnessed his masterly personation of the many difficult characters he has appeared in. He has greatly improved within the last twelve months. His late engagements in the Eastern cities, have been successful and very highly spoken of by the press. He takes with him our best wishes.

Albany Daily Adv.

DINNER TO MR. C. KEAN.—On Friday the friends and admirers of Mr. Kean had the pleasure of entertaining him at a grand dinner in the saloon of Drury Lane theatre. It was proposed that Lord Morpeth should take the chair, but his Lordship was unable to attend on account of the Parliamentary debate, and the Marquis of Clanricarde presided on the occasion. The Noble Marquis was supported on his right by Mr. Kean, Lord Suffield, Lord Loftus, and Mr. Ponsonby, and on his left by Lord A. Paget, Lord Lennox, the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, and Mr. Bunn. About 150 gentlemen, among whom were many of the professional brethren of Mr. Kean, sat at two long tables. The saloon was handsomely decorated, the dinner well served, and the entertainment, aided by the whole vocal strength of the theatre, passed off in a brilliant manner. A vase, which on this occasion was presented to Mr. Charles Kean, is one of the most beautiful and elaborate specimens of art that has been witnessed for a great length of time; it was manufactured by Messrs. Makepeace and Co., of Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn; it is, including the base, about two feet or two feet and a half in height; on the base or pedestal is inscribed the legend descriptive of the reasons and occasion of its presentation, together with various allegorical devices. It is surmounted with a figure of Shakspeare, in frosted silver. The handles, which are rustic, and variegated with foliage, are frosted. They are very beautifully executed. The vase itself is of polished silver.

ORIGIN OF SLANDER.—Mother Jasper told me, that she heard Greatwood's wife say, that John Hardstone's aunt mentioned to her, that Mrs. Trusty was present when the widow Parkman said, Captain Hartwell's cousin thought Ensign Doolittle's sister believed, that old Miss Oxly reckoned, that Sam Trifle's better half had told Mrs. Spaulding, that she heard John Broomer's woman say that her mother told her that she heard her grandfather say—that Mrs. Garden had two husbands!

NEW BOOKS, &c.

Alice; or the Mysteries: a sequel to ERNEST MALTRAVERS, by the author of Pelham, &c., New-York—Harper & Brothers, 1838.

A notice of this fine novel, prepared for an earlier number, having been crowded out, we suppress it, as long before these lines meet our readers eyes, the work will have been read and re-read by every mother's son of them, and daughter too. Though we termed the book a fine one, yet do we deem it rather a failure for Mr. Bulwer. There are some egregious faults about it, and we particularly dislike the clumsy and involved manner in which the conclusion is wrought out. But with all its faults, the tale is delightful, and we would that we had another like it at this hurrying moment, to drive the thought of "bills payable" and "races to come" quite out of our head

The State Prisoner; a tale of the French Regency. By Mary Louisa Boyle, in 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia—Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1838.

We give the title of this work, but confess frankly that we have not had time to peruse it, as we purpose doing at our earliest leisure. The book is for sale at the Carvill's, where may be found all the publications of the Philadelphia house, fresh from the press.

Etiquette for Ladies; with hints on the preservation, improvement and display of Female Beauty. Philadelphia—Carey Lee and Blanchard, 1838

This book will be reserved for our oldest daughter, with scrupulous care. We have turned it over, and something more, and find a good many things in it that we like. Young ladies will find it convenient and useful; replete with sensible hints upon dress, dancing, visiting, &c., &c. It is confidently commended to their attention.

St. Jonathan, the Lay of the Scald. New York—Thos. J. Crower, 567 Broadway, 1838.

A clever satire, in the measure of Don Juan, hitting right and left among our New-York worthies—poets, brokers, dandies and reviewers. This is but the first Canto; may we soon see another as witty and spirited. It is odd that we do not hear more said of this satire; the town should be persuaded to read, and it will then inevitably talk of it, for we again declare it to be very clever.

Charcoal Sketches, or Scenes in a Metropolis—By JOSEPH C. NEAL; with Illustrations by D. C JOHNSTON. One vol. 12mo. Philadelphia, E. L. Carey & A. Hart. 1838.

These are the Sketches of a true artist, many of which have before met the public eye in more ephemeral publications. The book is very prettily "got up," and is illustrated by Johnston in his best style. We have no more room than to say, that though at times a little strong, in is full of wit and very graphic delineations of character and scenes, and that the reader may count with certainty upon "broad grins" from the beginning to the end of the volume.

The *American Monthly* for May was brought out punctually on the 1st instant, and in the midst of the great sweepstakes and the great matches, we have found time to read the leading article,—a forcible and scholar-like article upon "Literary Life in America." It is much in the style of Professor Henry. From a very hasty glance, we should suppose the magazine more varied in its character than usual. The commendation of Willis's new comedy is gratifying to us, and the explanation of the editor, relative to his criticisms upon that poet, timely. We shall read the magazine thoroughly yet.

The New York Review, the receipt of four numbers of which we acknowledge with thanks, deserves a more careful perusal than we have yet found time to bestow upon it.

AQUATICS.

N. Y. Boat Club Association.—The season has commenced, and some of the boats belonging to the Association have already made their re-appearance on our waters. The *Minerva* was turned out of the painter's hands a few days since in beautiful order; she is painted black, with a white band and a red streak; her inside is white, with bird's-eye maple seats; in fact, her *tout ensemble* is very striking. We expect to give a good account this season of her crew, who pull well together, and, with practice, will stand a fair chance in the Regatta. The *Gazelle* has also been launched; she is painted red, with a gold band, inside white, and bird's-eye maple seats; she looks very *saucy*, and sets in the water like a duck; her cushions, carpet, flags, and appliances generally, are of the richest fabric. The other boats comprising the Association we have not heard much of as yet; The WAVE CLUB, we learn, do not at present think of building a boat; their members are few, and they can afford to repose for a time upon their laurels. The ARIEL CLUB will be "on hand" as soon as the season is fairly set in. The GULL CLUB, also, will no doubt be soon ready *for sea*. The PEARL CLUB have lately purchased a sail boat, and the way she *travels* through the water is by no means slow. We believe she is called the "*John Jones*," and will soon be known in our waters as the fastest kind of craft afloat,—(we mean of her size.) This Club frequently take *long pulls*, and mustering a pretty strong crew, can always man one of their craft, and sometimes both. Those boats which belong to the Association, and are kept up town, we hear little of; but no doubt they will soon be continually pulling; they must remember that practice only can ensure success. As the season advances, we hope to be the chroniclers of many a well contested race. Mr. Marsh, the proprietor of Castle Garden, is *fixing up*, so no doubt in a month or six weeks, everything in that quarter will be fairly started, and our bay present an animated scene.

MORTAL COMBAT.—A most lachrymary affair came off on the 19th ult., between two belligerous loafers in Troy. The distance was fifty yards, with muskets, charged with small onions. Many *tears* were shed at the result.

A hoosier paper contains an editorial notice that marriages and deaths will not be published unless authorized by some known name, and prefers that they should be delivered *in person!* It may be expedient, therefore, for those who wish their obituary notice inserted, to hand them in the day *before hand!* N. O. Picayune.

We find the following truisms in one of our exchange papers:

An economical man is one who files away a newspaper for a future reference.

A parsimonious man is one, that stops his paper to keep from paying a small pittance for it.

P. D., one of the most eminent lawyers in the western country, now deceased, was sadly given to intoxication. On one occasion, he entered a Methodist church, whilst a minister was holding forth on the future punishment of the wicked. Fixing his eye upon Mr. D., who was reeling near the door, he exclaimed, "There stands a sinner against whom I will bear witness in the day of judgment." At this the lawyer folded his arms, planted himself as firmly as he could, and addressing the man in the pulpit, he electrified the whole congregation after this fashion: "Sir," said Mr. D., "I have been practising in the criminal courts for 20 years; and I have always found that the d——dest rascal is the first to give State's evidence."

It is said of the late Duke of Argyle that a poacher was brought before him in Roseneath. 'Why,' said his Grace, 'have you been guilty of this?' 'I have a large family to maintain!' 'Ay,' said the benevolent hearted nobleman, 'what may be the number?' 'Five daughters sir, and every one of them has three brothers.' Poor man! that is a heavy handful, and I must let you off this time, but do not repeat the offence.' Scarcely, however, had the delinquent quitted the room, when his grace recollected that the five daughters, with each three brothers, only made a family of eight, and he laughed at the poachers *pawkiness*.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Woolwich Court of Requests.—The Tail (Tale) of a Jackass.—From the era that Saul went forth to seek his father's asses, and from the intelligent *donkey* which reproved Balaam, down to the veritable *Lumbar Troop, asses* have formed a continuous link in the chain of human society. Mahomet rode on one to Mecca. Peter Pindar wrote an epistle of some two hundred lines or more, "to his ass Peter." Sterne moraliseth over the truly sentimental dead "Neddy," at "Nampont." Mr. William Wordsworth says mighty fine things of a *temperance*-looking donkey, drowned in his own beloved lake (see the Excursion Book IV., Pedlar, &c.), and brays as eloquently as poor Sancho Panza, when his "dumb animal" went astray in the mountains—not to mention the "Golden Ass of Apuleius." The ass of Hampstead-heath, however, distances all other animals.

John Jobson vs. *Timothy Brown.*—This was an action for the recovery of a donkey, price 12s., sold by John Jobson, commonly known as "Jack Sleeky" to the defendant, Tim Brown, for the aforesaid sum of money.

First Commissioner—How will you pay, Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown—Not no how, if so be I nose it (laughter); his donkey's a reg'lar wishous one, and I couldn't manage him no how.—(Laughter).

Third Commissioner.—Well, Sir, you shouldn't 'a bought him.

Sleeky Jack.—Now, then, jest year me speak, an' I'll up and tell you. This year hidentical donkey as he speaks on, used to run on Hampstead-heath on a Sundays, along with another one; this year t'other one died through severe weathor, and the donkey as I bought took it so much to heart as I never seed afore: first he took to biting, then he took to kicking, and at last one o' our chaps on the heath said as how a change of hair 'ud do him good, so I took the hanimal down to Blackheath, and sold him to Tim Brown, as kept donkeys for women to ride on.—(Roars of laughter).

First Commissioner.—Well, and what passed?

Sleeky Jack.—Why, Tim Brown axed me how he'd go—trot him out ses I—and werry well he trotted; then he ses, ses he, what's he carry? any think, ses I, as he stands under—(laughter)—werry good, ses he, but I ain't got the ochre—(money); ah, as for to that 'ere, says I, 'taint no matter, so we 'greed for twelve hog (shillings), and said as how he'd git it out on him (the donkey) afore next week, and fork out the browns like a man a' honor—(roars of laughter)—werry well, I left the donkey; he never paid, and I never set eyes on him, not till sich times as I met him in the skittle ground at the back o' Hog-lane.

Second Commissioner.—Now, Mr. Brown, what do you say to this?

Tim Brown.—Some on it 's true, and some on it 's not true. Fact is, somehow or other, he managed that 'ere mawnin as he speaks on, to get the donkey in a werry good temper; in fact, I yeard 'em a conwersing together, whilst I turned round to Bill Smith about a harness, and I suspec werry much he'd bin a givin on him some wittles—(laughter). No sooner was he (Sleeky Jack) gone, than the hanimal set up such a huniwersal holler, as set all the t'other asses a goin, and we couldn't quiet 'em not no how—it was downright reglar munity (mutiny), and nothink couldn't stop it; nobody couldn't ride him; I wollopped him—no go; tried him at a hayband—no go; twisted his tail—just the same, my lord; so arter I was tired on him, and couldn't knock no sense in him, I let him go, and I never set eyes on him since; and it's my opinion he came to a bad end, as all obstropolus asses does—there. (Roars of laughter, in which the commissioners joined heartily.)

After a short consultation, it was decided that half the sum should be awarded with costs. So much for an ass: we can fancy old Dogberry chanting to the favorite tune of one of the renowned Lumber Troopers, the "Lass of Richmond Hill."

"Sweet Ass of Hampstead Heath,
Sweet Ass of Hampstead Heath;
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Brave Ass of Hampstead Heath."

DROLL BURLESQUE OF THE STYLE OF DR. JOHNSON.

[Supposed to be written by R. Jephson, Esq.]

While I was admiring the fantastical ramifications of some umbelliferous plants that hung over the margin of Liffey, the fallacious bank, imperceptibly corroded by the moist tooth of the fluid, gave way beneath my feet, and I was suddenly submerged to some fathoms of profundity. Presence of mind in constitutions not naturally timid, is generally in proportion to the imminence of the peril; having never learned to move through the water in horizontal progression, had I desponded I had perished; but being for a moment raised above the element by my struggling, or by some felicitous casualty, I was sensible of the danger, and instantly embraced the means of extrication. A cow at the moment of my lapse had entered the stream, within the distance of a protruded arm, and being in the act of transverse navigation, to seek the pasture of the opposite bank, I laid hold of that part of the animal which is loosely pendant behind, and is formed by a continuation of the vertebræ. In this manner I was safely conveyed to a fordable passage, not without some delecation from the sense of progress, without effort on my part, and the exhilarating approximation of more than problematical deliverance. Though, in some respect, I resembled the pilot of *Gyas jam senior madidraque fluens in veste*, yet my companions, unlike the barbarous Phrygian spectators, forbore to accerbitate the uncouthness of embarrassment by the insults of derision. Shrieks of implorance testified sorrow for my submersion, and safety was made more pleasant by the felicitations of sympathy. As the danger was over, I took no umbrage at a little risibility, excited by the feculency of my visage, upon which the cow had discharged her graminous digestion in a very ludicrous abundance. About this time the bell summoned us to dinner, and as the cutaneous contact of irrigated garments is neither pleasant nor salubrious, I was easily persuaded by the ladies to divest myself of mine. Col. Marley obligingly accommodated me with a loose covering of camblet; I found it commodious, and more agreeable than the many compressive ligatures of modern drapery. That there might be no violation of decorum, I took care to have the loose robe fastened before, with small cylindrical wires, which the dainty figures of the ladies easily removed from their own dress and inserted in mine, at such proper intervals as to leave no aperture that could awaken the susceptibility of temperament, or provoke the cachinations of levity.

A joker having met a short gentleman whose first name was William, turned and walked back by his side. In a little while the gentleman turned to his uninvited companion and asked him if he had any business with him. "None at all," said the other, "but as the law does not allow us to pass small Bills, I have turned about."

A good story is related of President Humphrey, of Amherst College. One morning, before recitations, some of the students fastened a live goose to the President's chair. When the President entered the room, and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned on his heel, coolly observing, "Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The Cincinnati News gives an instance wherein a gentleman of that vicinity, at the dinner table took the knife and fork and carved himself instead of the turkey. After completely dissecting himself, he asked the turkey with commendable politeness what part it would have. The lack of a reply brought him to his senses.

Anecdote of the late Sir Edmund Nagel.—When a young man, travelling in a post-chaise up Shooter's hill, a highwayman rode up, presented a pistol into the window, and demanded his money or life. Sir Edmund, then a very athletic man, seized the arm of the ruffian, twisted the pistol from it, dragged him through the window, and, placing him beside him to keep him quiet, ordered the post-boy to drive on. The humble supplications of the highwayman were answered with, "Be easy, boy, be easy, I won't hurt ye." Still, the conscience-stricken robber kept pleading, till, at length, the chaise reached the captain's lodgings, when he hauled the fellow out of the coach, walked him up to the garret and locked themselves in. He then took off his own coat and said, "Now, sir, I neither mean to hang ye, nor hurt ye, but I'll just give you a broth of a bating," which having accomplished, he opened the door, bade the robber be off, and the next time he stopped the coach, to rap at the window, and ask if Pat Nagle was inside, before he ventured to poke his pistol into it.

THE "GENTEEL" PIGEONS.—A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"Not at home!" exclaimed Captain Albatross.

"Not in town!" cried the Captain's lady.

"No, Ma'am," replied the maid, as with some trepidation she followed the visitors, who with no ceremony forced themselves into the parlor.

Captain Albatross, looking very sagaciously at the maid, observed, "I see you don't know us; say Albatross—Captain Albatross.

"As friends—early friends, the Captain was your master's god-father——"

"The only son I ever had," remarked Captain Albatross, with a sigh.

"They will be glad to see us," was the assurance of the Captain's lady to the hesitating maid.

"I dare say, Ma'am; delighted, no doubt," said the girl, "very much pleased, I'm sure; that is, when they come home, Ma'am; but you know, Ma'am, the very day they married they left home for a month, Ma'am; and as that's only a fortnight ago, Ma'am, why, it is plain, Ma'am, that their time isn't up, Ma'am."

Captain Albatross, though only an officer of disbanded militia, had the sternness of a Frederick; hence, lowering his bushy black eyebrows, and advancing one step towards the maid, who received the fiery looks of the inquisitor with admirable coolness, he cried in sounds of thunder, "Young woman, can you look in my face?"

"I'll try, Sir," said the girl, with a simplicity lost upon the guest, who only roared the louder.

"I mean, wench, can you look in my face, and, without blushing, tell me that Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon are not in town?" asked the Captain.

The maid, twitted by the dictatorial tones of the Captain, and resolved at any cost to maintain the ground she had taken, replied with praiseworthy firmness, looking boldly at Albatross, "Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon are not at home."

"Young woman," remarked Captain Albatross, raising his forefinger, and shaking his head in the serene countenance of the domestic, "Young woman, I don't know what wages they give you, but to some families you'd be worth any money."

"My dearest Albatross," said his charitable lady, "may you not have been mistaken?"

"Mistaken, Leonora!" cried the Captain; "I—Captain Albatross, mistaken! Did I not see him—see him last night with a lady in the opposite box? How can any man in such a case mistake or be mistaken?"

"Exactly what I said," replied Mrs. Albatross, with a significant glance at the Captain, "when I heard that you and a certain lady were at the Surrey Gardens, feeding the monkeys with macaroons."

"And I—ha! ha!"—here the Captain made a very pains-taking attempt to laugh—"I—ha! ha! as I proved it by my dear friend, Lieutenant Nibble, was at Hampton, fishing. You know, Leonora, that was the very day I caught that extraordinary gudgeon. You remember its picture was taken, and now hangs in the hall at the Bell;" and again Captain Albatross essayed a laugh.

"I only know, Edward," replied the Captain's lady, and her voice trembled, and she took her handkerchief from her reticule, "I only know that there are times when those macaroons lie very heavy at my heart."

"Now, Leonora," exclaimed Captain Albatross, evidently hurt by the unjust suspicions of his too fond wife, "I did think this subject buried for ever between us. Many men might be mistaken for me; for I trust there's nothing odd, nothing peculiar about me. I have, I hope, merely the easy demeanor, the sustained repose of a gentleman; there's no character, as it's called, about me; but for Pigeon—is it possible to mistake him?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," cried the anxious maid, "very possible."

"How do you know?" asked the stern Albatross.

"I'm sure of it," answered the self-satisfied girl.

"Sure!" echoed the Captain's lady, with a look of contempt at the domestic, "sure!"

"Sure, Ma'am," replied the servant; "for I've lived in many families, and I never yet knew the master of a house that there wasn't somebody about the town the very image of him."

"There is something in that, Leonora," remarked the Captain; "still it *was* Pigeon."

"Never mind; perhaps they don't wish to be at home to us," said the Captain's lady, who with a sudden dignity prepared to depart.

"They're not at home," was the unnecessary avowal of the maid, as she readily followed the visitors to the door.

"Not the slightest consequence," remarked the Captain, as he stepped into the street.

"None whatever," said the Captain's lady.

"Not at home, I assure you," again asserted the maid, as she closed the door.

"Susan! Susan!" exclaimed a voice, and presently a pretty female head peeped over the staircase; "Who was that, Susan?"

"Captain Albatross and his wife," said Susan.

"Dear me!" cried the lady.

"They wanted to stand me out that you were at home, Ma'am; but I was too much for them. The Captain would have it that he saw my master last night with a lady at——"

"What! Samuel!" and the owner of the pretty face almost screamed.

"Charlotte!" cried a masculine voice, and the lady was led back to her apartment by a gentleman. We know not whether to laud the firmness of Susan, or to blush for her depravity, when we assure the reader that that lady and gentleman were the newly-paired Pigeons. The Pigeons were in town! Yes, they had passed only half the honey-moon at the sea-side, and had returned to London a fortnight before their time.

Sam Pigeon and Charlotte Blue had been drawn to each other by a similarity of sentiment: their union was the happy result of sympathy—they both idolized the genteel; albeit, they were not too well skilled in the knowledge of its elements. Of this, however, they were well assured, that to be seen in London—to be confronted by any of their five hundred bosom friends within a month of their union—was to sink for ever in the judgment of the world—to go down a frightful descent in the estimation of all mankind. Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon belonged to that numerous and unhappy class of people who believe that "the world"—in reality represented by some fifteen acquaintances—has no other aim, no other thought, than that of watching the important movements of their important selves—of marking the cut of their coats and the color of their gowns; nay, of truly registering their walks abroad and tarryings at home, the said world being all the time inhumanly indifferent to their very existence. "The world" is thought by these poor folks to be a very despotic, watchful, tyrannous, unforgiving creature:—they may be assured that, as far as regards them and their works, the world is a very easy, careless kind of person. "What will the world say?" asks Henpeck, when advised to separate from his wife. "I'd leave the wretch, take my little boy, and go into a lodging to-morrow, my dear," says Mrs. Sweetlips; "but then, my love, what will the world say?" "What! not go into mourning for your wife's uncle's cousin; why, my good Mr. Carid, what *do* you think the world will say?"—"Well, that *is* a good one!—a dustman with an umbrella! I should like to know what the world will say to that!" There never was such a goblin—such a mere bugbear, as that we make out of the unconscious, the indifferent world; it is the scooped turnip fixed on a sheeted mop-stick, and lighted with a candle; a hideous apparition scaring the stoutest traveller in his highways and byways of life. Happy the man, who with a clear breast goes whistling on, easy that he knows the harmless things the spectre is made of! However, our immediate business is with the Pigeons.

The blissful couple—their loves consecrated by Hymen—found themselves, ere their wedding-day was over, on the sea-shore. They had quitted the busy, bustling scene of Kennington, with all its picturesque and grassy spots, for the sweet retirement of Brighton. It was there they proposed to perform matrimonial quarantine—it was there they intended to illustrate their devotion to the genteel: there they would wear away the rapturous month, returning in proper season to receive the condolence—we mean congratulations—of their army of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon had already got through ten days, when it struck them that the sea—at least in summer—always appeared the same: there was no alteration whatever in the beach; even the chain-pier remained provokingly unchangeable.

"My love," said the bride, as, on the eleventh day, she arm-in-arm with her Pigeon trod the shore, "my love," said she, with touching simplicity, "what do you think?"

Pigeon smiled, squeezed his wife's hand, and after a moment's intense thought said, "I can't tell."

"Would you believe it?—I last night dreamt of Kennington Oval," said the bride.

"God bless me!" said the bridegroom, "how very odd! I too dreamt of it—I thought I was there."

"Ha!" and Mrs. Pigeon sighed.

"What's the matter, Charlotte?" inquired the fond Pigeon, with the fondest looks and in the fondest voice.

"Our home will be a sweet place, Samuel!" observed the wife.

"A bower of love, Charlotte," was the opinion of the husband. "How can it be otherwise?"

"I hope Susan will be kind to my canaries: poor things! they'll not sing a note while I'm away—they'll not, indeed, Samuel."

"Well, we shall be at home at the end of the month," said Samuel.

"And there's fifteen days gone already," said Charlotte.

"No, my dear, only eleven, love; to-day is the eleventh day—not fifteen yet," said Mr. Pigeon.

"To be sure: what a head I have! I hope Susan will be careful of the furniture—and then those poor dear birds! Bless me! and those sweet gold-fish—I forgot to give her particular directions. Pretty creatures! how they will miss me! Lovely things! how they will miss the flies I used to catch for them!"

"Nay, my dearest, Susan has a kind heart, and will let 'em want for nothing."

"It would be very wrong to return to London in the honeymoon," remarked Mrs. Pigeon.

"What would the world say?" exclaimed Mr. Pigeon.

"We should be lost for ever in genteel society," said the wife.

"We should, indeed," said the solemn husband.

"And yet, Samuel, those dear canaries!"

Enough: two more dreary, sultry days did the ecstatic couple endure "body's banishment" from Kennington; when, on the fourteenth morning of their wedded life, they took their seats in the coach for London.

"La! Ma'am, is it you?" exclaimed Susan, as she opened the door to the rejoicing couple. "Come back so soon!"

"Hush! Susan, not a word," cried Mrs. Pigeon. "Thank heaven! we are at home," and she sank in a chair.

"Susan," said Mr. Pigeon, who called up a serious look, and spoke in the voice of a polite house-breaker, "though we are at home, remember, Susan, as you value your place, nobody must know it."

"Not know it!" cried Susan.

"Certainly not," said the wife.

"For what would the world say?" asked Mr. Pigeon.

The happy couple had remained a whole day in secret in their own house, when Mr. Pigeon, in opposition to the judicious wishes of his wife, resolved at night to take the air. He assured Mrs. Pigeon that he could never stay in the house for four-and-twenty hours together; he should die if he attempted it; he must for a brief time enjoy the out-door breeze; and added, to the astonishment of Mrs. Pigeon, that he thought no time so genial as the three hours before, or, on some occasions, after midnight. Such was the libertine avowal of Mr. Pigeon—of the same Pigeon, whose landlady had given him for a character, as he thought, all the domestic virtues of a household god. "Pray, Ma'am," inquired Charlotte's busy maiden aunt, "what are the habits of Mr. Pigeon? He is about to marry into our family, and you'll pardon the question, what are his habits?"—"Habits!" replied the landlady; "the woman's blessed who gets Mr. Pigeon—gruel at ten, and bed at eleven." And these moral proprieties on the part of her future husband were impressed upon the brain and heart of the bride by the aunt aforesaid. "Gruel at ten, and bed at eleven," reiterated the spinster; "it seems little to speak of, child, but what a deal of happiness is insured by the custom." Mr. Pigeon, assuring his wife that he would keep aloof from all acquaintance, took his hat. Mrs. Pigeon looked at her lord with a mild mixture of matrimonial sorrow and anger.—Can the female reader wonder at this? It was already half-past nine, and Mrs. Pigeon sighed as she thought of her aunt; yea, she sighed deeply at the visionary happiness of—gruel at ten, and bed at eleven.

"All men," said Susan, marking the melancholy of her mistress, "all men are alike, Ma'am."

"They are, Susan," said Mrs. Pigeon.—"Where's my handkerchief?"

No: wild horses, or, what is better, or worse, an Act of Parliament, should not tear away the secret which shall lie with us, wrapped in undertaker's lead. We will not point the finger of scorn at the house of Pigeon—we will not so much as wink or leer at it; the man has seen the wickedness of his ways, and why should we throw an evil name upon a habitation, probably at this moment tenanted by worthy people who honor their father and mother, and regularly pay their rates? Houses, albeit of bricks and mortar, are delicate things, and take their character from the folks who use them; hence, we will not specify the house to which, at half-past five in the morning, Samuel Pigeon—a husband of little better than fifteen days old—took his timorous way. The sentence will fall upon the reader like a thunderbolt—the female reader will clutch her petticoat and utter a piercing shriek—but it must be said—

Samuel Pigeon had not been home all night!

As the man crept homeward there was culprit in his looks, in his hesitating pace. He had, it was true, fallen into a most delightful party—had been so happy, so very jolly; but now, alas! it wanted only seven-and-twenty minutes to six.—What a beautiful morning!—yet what a reproach came with the bright sun!—Sam blushed as he met the milk-maids: artisans, passing to their work, made him turn his head away; the chimney sweepers, crying their noisome trade, struck him compunctious: yea, the very sparrows, chirping and playing in his path, gave him a twitch of the conscience. Let not the reader think that Samuel Pigeon had any fear of the violence of his ill-used spouse; no, she would only weep—for she was a young wife, and had not yet come to her nails. It was a nobler feeling that possessed Pigeon—not base dread, but bitter repentance. He had been beguiled into cards—had, moreover, been very lucky—but what was luck at nearly six in the morning! He had held the most wonderful hands at loo, and had never played but when justified by both king and queen. And then he thought, and in the dissatisfaction of his soul almost gave vent to the words—"'Tis six in the morning—my wife is sitting up, and, compared to domestic peace, oh! what are trumps!"

Pigeon, with heavy legs, walks on; and now he approaches his door. He scrapes his shoes as tenderly as though he scraped his bare feet—he wants to cough, but he hasn't sufficient nerve to risk the operation. He looks at his knocker; the lion's head ornamenting it seems to stare with new ferocity upon him. He touches the knocker as if it were red-hot—shakes it spasmodically—tap, tap, tap—and to Pigeon the sound seems to search through a dead, deserted house—a desolate homestead. Has Charlotte gone to her family? Or, anticipating the completion of a threat to be made in after-life, has she already taken a lodging? Strange thoughts chill the heart of Pigeon, as he stands pricking his ears at his own inhospitable door. Ha! he hears a heavy, leaden step—it is Susan; in a second the door will be opened. A new, a cutting trial awaits the expectant husband.

Among other valuable presents made by kind friends to the young housewife, Mrs. Pigeon had received a remarkably beautiful cat—a cat enjoying the very best domestic reputation. Indeed it might have been a knotty point for many tea-tables to decide whose character stood the fairest with the world, that of Mrs. Pigeon's husband—or of Mrs. Pigeon's cat. The cat had demeaned himself most worthily—was good-tempered, a vigilant mouser, and, with a kind of virtue very useful to many excellent people, was never known to dip his whiskers in forbidden cream, provided the unlawful luxury were placed beyond his leap, or carefully locked from his intruding nose. Up to the time whereof we write, the cat had been a pattern cat; had he gone on as he had begun, spinsters would have sought his kittens, as jockeys sought the Eclipse colts. However, when men fall, why should we always expect cats to keep their feet? To return to Mr. Pigeon.

The repentant husband still stands at the door, awaiting the coming of Susan. What can delay her? As he thinks this question, he feels something at the calf of his right leg, and, looking downwards, sees his large black cat, his own fireside vassal, the musical companion of his tea-kettle, the very best and glossiest of cats, rubbing his sleek yet somewhat disordered coat, in token of glad greeting, round his master's legs. In a moment, Samuel Pigeon, the offending husband, acknowledged and felt humiliated by the companionship: he blushed to find that the cat made common cause with his master. Yes—they were fellow-offenders—comates in household irregularity. Then Sam thought to kick the cat, but the cat, rubbing closer, seemed to roll himself round his master's leg, and then the animal, throwing up his large green and yellow eyes, and there are times when cat's eyes are terribly human, said, as plainly as any cat could say, by mewing—"Here we are, old boy!—both in for it." Now, what might have been Pigeon's answer we know not, for just as the cat concluded this self-evident truth the door opened.

Susan looked significantly at her master and then at the cat—again she looked at puss and again at Pigeon.

Pigeon walked into the parlor—the cat descended to the kitchen. "My dear love," said Pigeon to somebody seated in a chair, "have you sat up?" The person accosted raised a head, the sweet face shamefully eclipsed by a night-cap, and, saying nothing, looked towards an end of flickering candle. It was broad sunlight, but the candle-end, about to expire—it had doubtless been forgotten—was strong dramatic evidence of the lapse of time. Mrs. Pigeon rose, and, with three or more shawls upon her shoulders, was about to leave the room. "Wasn't it enough for Susan to sit up?" inquired Pigeon timidly. There was a pause—it was a serious moment. The good genius of the wife triumphed; for, after a struggle, she overlaid her face with a look of meekness, and said—"Why, Samuel, did you not take the key?" With these words Mrs. Pigeon retired to her chamber, and the husband sank in a chair, from the head to the toes very much ashamed of himself. We are happy to state that the touching resignation of the wife had the happiest effect upon the husband; and therefore recommend it to the adoption of all ladies. "What!" asks one, "did Mr. Pigeon never stay out late again!" "Oh yes! very often." "He did?" "Yes; but then, like a good obedient mate, he always took the key."

In was noontime on the day of Pigeon's transgression when Captain Albatross and Mrs. Captain Albatross called to welcome the happy pair. Nothing could be more provoking—and nothing could more strongly illustrate the theory of Susan that every master of a house has somewhere upon town his perplexing double, his fatal similitude,—than the positive assertion of the Captain that Pigeon had on the previous night been seen with some lady, in some box, at some theatre. Mrs. Pigeon believed the story with all the bigotry of the fondest of wives. "I tell you, my love," cried Pigeon, "it must be somebody like me." "Impossible," replied the wife, "impossible: Samuel, there can be nobody like you." As Mrs. Pigeon made this flattering declaration, a prolonged knock struck through the house; a sense of danger made the couple forget a present quarrel in their common anxiety for preservation. "We can't be at home," exclaimed Mrs. Pigeon. "Certainly not," said the husband—"'twould affront the Albatrosses for ever."

"'Tis only a lady come to see the apartments," said Susan; for the Pigeons, as yet a small family, had determined upon hospitably giving up a part of their house to any respectable person in search of shelter.

"Are you sure she's a stranger?" asked Mrs. Pigeon. "You've not seen her in the neighborhood?"

"She looks from the country, Ma'am," said Susan.

"I'll see her," said Mrs. Pigeon; and she forthwith descended to the parlor, where a lady of some fifty years old, possessing a benign aspect, considerably heightened by green spectacles, awaiting her coming.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Pigeon?" asked the lady, to the consternation of the wife; who, ere she could reply, was informed by the visitor that she "was very well known to her aunt, Figgins." Here was a dilemma! for it so happened that the Figginses were people whose strict observance of the genteel, and whose contempt of any of their dearest friends and acquaintance who might lapse into accidental vulgarity, rendered them of especial importance in the eyes of the new-made wife. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Pigeon?" This was a home-thrust; and yet, how gracefully did Mrs. Pigeon parry it!

"Mrs. Pigeon, on her marriage, went to Brighton; that is little more than a fortnight since."

"I beg your pardon," remarked the lady in spectacles; "of course she is out of town. I am told, Madam, she is a very charming woman."

Mrs. Pigeon smiled, and, in a sweet voice, begged the lady to take a chair.

"A very charming woman. Ha!" and here the lady heaved, what seemed to Mrs. Pigeon, a commiserating sigh, and shook her green spectacles.

"Bless me, Madam!" cried the alarmed wife, "you surely know nothing of—that is, I—I understood you wished to look at the apartments?"

"I will be frank with you, Madam," said the ingenuous lady; "that was my excuse."

"Excuse, Madam! Then may I inquire what the real object of—"

"By all means," replied the visitor. "But first tell me, my dear—you are perhaps an early friend of Mrs. Pigeon?"

"Very early, Madam," replied Mrs. Pigeon herself; "I went to school with her."

"And she is charming, and handsome, and amiable? Ha! I'm very sorry for it," said the lady, with evidently deep regret.

"Sorry, Madam? why sorry?"

"To be sure, my dear," said the charitable stranger, "the man may be altered."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the terrified wife, "you don't mean Pigeon?"

"Ha! my love," and here the lady inserted her little finger under her green glass, perhaps to wipe away a tear—"ha! my love, I know what it is to have been thrown away. Though I say it, I was once beautiful." (Mrs. Pigeon cast a suspicious glance at her visitor; had she come to steal the plate?)

"I had a heart that, in its confiding innocence, believed anything." (Why did Susan let such people in?) "I, too, like the hapless Charlotte——"

"Why,—why hapless, Madam?" inquired the wife.

"The interest you take in that young creature," observed the lady with new composure, "does honor to your friendship. Why—why didn't she consult me before she married?"

"I think, Madam, you inferred that Mrs. Pigeon had not the advantage of your acquaintance.

"That is very true," said the benevolent stranger; "in my zeal for her welfare I had entirely forgotten that accident—for I call it one."

"As I told you, Madam," said the young wife, almost agitated into tears, "I am the most intimate friend Mrs. Pigeon has; if you know anything that concerns her peace of mind, I entreat of you, my dear, dear Madam, to divulge it,—if you know anything against her husband—"

"Ha!" and here a sigh was almost deepened to a groan, "ha! that man. But I wouldn't let the dear woman know it—for now she is married, my love, there's nothing to be gained by making her unhappy before her time; and that I fear will come soon enough."

Mrs. Pigeon suddenly drew her chair away—and looking with a stern, inquiring eye, at her visitor, and holding forth her right hand, she exclaimed in a voice of profound conviction—"Pigeon's a wretch!"

The lady stranger took a little gold snuff-box from her pocket, and calmly feeling either nostril from its pungent contents, made answer—"He is."

"And he—he who seemed so gentle, so kind, so good!" exclaimed the wife.

"It was always his way," answered the visitor, who then abruptly rose, and performing a curtsy, said, "Madam, I wish you a very good morning."

"But, Madam,—surely you have something more to say respecting the conduct of Mr. Pigeon?" asked his spouse.

"My love," replied the elderly lady, "I might say a great deal; but when you have lived in the world as long as I have, you will know what a thankless task it is to convince people of their unhappiness. Now, my dear, it is enough that you and I know the wickedness of the man; as for Mrs. Pigeon, poor fond soul! were she to see the truth itself, I'll be bound she wouldn't believe it. I presume they'll be in town in another fortnight?—I shall do myself the pleasure of calling upon dear Mrs. Pigeon; for, as an intimate friend of the Figginses'—and the kind visitor moved towards the door.

"But, Madam," and the anxious wife followed the lady from the room, "may I beg to know any particular case of iniquity?"

"My dear," answered the kind woman, lowering her voice, "I could tell you fifty—but the worst of all was an affair at Tonbridge, where——"

"Yes, Madam—yes, pray stay," for the lady's hand was at the door.

"At Tonbridge, where——"

At this moment, a loud rattling knock at the door went to the heart of Mrs. Pigeon. They had already been denied to the Albatrosses—to the friend of the Figginses—and they could not be at home to any other visitor. It was a great trial; but Mrs. Pigeon was compelled to sacrifice her feelings as a wife to her feelings for the genteel, and to hurry back into the parlour, leaving the kind communicative lady in green spectacles to open the street-door. Susan at the same moment ascended to answer the knocker; and Mr. Pigeon, having been brought from the drawing-room by the earnest tones of his wife in the passage, unconsciously called forth——

"Susan—who's that?"

"Oh! there is somebody at home," cried a voice; and, to the horror of Mrs. Pigeon, who double-locked the parlour door, George Tomata, a young gentleman with very great hopes in the India-house, entered the abode of Hymen.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon are at Brighton," said Susan, with the confident face of a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"However, Sir," said Mr. Pigeon, descending the stairs—for his heart, from some strange cause, had bounced at the name of Tomata—"however, Sir, if you have anything to communicate that materially concerns Mr. or Mrs. Pigeon—I——"

"Not in the least—no, not at all," answered Tomata, leisurely ascending the stairs, and, with Mr. Pigeon, entering the drawing-room. "So," said Tomata, flinging himself into a chair, "the Pigeons are not come home yet, eh?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon, the day of their marriage," answered Pigeon softly, "went to Brighton."

"Ha! well, that's not three weeks yet. Its devilish odd why people run away directly they're married—as if they were ashamed of what they've done. However, it's a banishment called for by genteel life, and—of course, Sir, you are intimate with Mr. Pigeon?"

"I have that pleasure, Sir," said Samuel.

"You lodge here, no doubt? Excuse me, although I have not with you the pleasure—and doubtless it is a very great one—of knowing Pigeon, still I am very intimate with his little wife."

"Indeed, Sir—I never heard her name—"

"I dare say not, Sir; I dare say not. Oh, very intimate; we wore petticoats together. Baby companions, Sir—baby companions. Used to bite the same pear."

"Really, Sir," and Pigeon shifted in his seat—"I was not aware of so early and so delicate a connexion between yourself and Mrs. Pigeon."

"We were to have been married: yes, the wedding-ring was over the first joint of her finger."

"And pray, Sir," asked Pigeon with a face of crimson, "pray, Sir, what accident may have drawn the ring off again?"

"You see, Sir," said George Tomata, arranging his hair by an opposite mirror, "my prospect lay in India—in India, Sir. Now, Lotty—"

"Who, Sir?" exclaimed Pigeon, wrathfully.

"Charlotte," answered Tomata. "I used to call her Lotty, and she—he! he!—she used to call me Loveapple—you may judge how far we were both gone. For when a woman plays tricks with a man's name, you may be sure she begins to look upon it as her future property. As a friend of her husband, do you know what she was accustomed to call Pigeon?"

"Pigeon, Sir—of course, Pigeon," replied the husband.

"Never cared for him, then, depend upon it: otherwise she'd have turned Pigeon into Turtledove, Pouter, Tumbler, and twenty other pretty things. True tenderness, Sir, deals in synonyms."

"You are always right, Sir, no doubt," observed Pigeon. "But you were about to state the particular hindrance to your marriage with——"

"To be sure. Lotty, as I was going to observe, was a nice little sugar-plum—a very nice little sugar-plum—as you will doubtless allow?"

It was with some difficulty that Pigeon possesed himself of sufficient coolness to admit the familiar truth of the simile; he however allowed the wife of his bosom to be "a nice little sugar plum."

"Very nice, indeed; but I saw it—I felt convinced of it, and the truth went like twenty daggers to my soul; but I discovered——"

"Good heavens?" exclaimed Pigeon, "discovered what?"

"That her complexion," replied Tomata, "beautiful as it was, would not stand Trincomalee."

"And was that your sole objection to the match?" inquired Pigeon solemnly

"I give you my honor as a gentleman, that I had no other motive for breaking off the marriage. Sir, I should have despised myself if I had; for, as I have observed, Sir, we were both gone—very far gone, indeed."

"No doubt, Sir," answered Pigeon, burning to avow himself. "But, as a friend of Mr. Pigeon's allow me to assure you that the lady was not found too far gone to admit of perfect recovery."

"I'm glad of it—very glad of it: hope it is so. By-the-way, what sort of a fellow is Pigeon? Had I been in London—I only came up yesterday—I should have looked into the match before it took place. Lotty could expect no less of me. What kind of an animal is this Pigeon?"

"Kind of an animal, Sir!" stammered Pigeon. "Why, Sir, he—"

"Ha! that will do," said the abrupt Tomata; "as you're his friend, I'll not press you on the point. Poor Lotty! sacrificed, I see."

"What do you mean by sacrificed, Sir!" foamed Pigeon: "sacrificed!"

"I can perceive at once the kind of log the poor girl is chained to;" and Tomata mournfully shook his head in the face of the astounded Pigeon.

"Log! log!" cried the husband, with scarcely breath for the monosyllables.

"A coarse, vulgar—still, the brute may have kindness for this poor victim," observed George Tomata.

"Brute, victim!" roared Pigeon—"I'd have you learn, Mr. Loveapple——"

"What do you mean by Loveapple, Sir? asked Tomata with stern visage.—"There was but one person in all the world whom I allowed to take that sweet freedom with Tomata—that person, though now another's, may, if she please, mark her recollection of former days by adopting the pleasant familiarity—but that which I might be happy to receive at the lips of Mrs. Pigeon herself, I may feel disposed to fling back in the teeth of Mrs. Pigeon's husband's friend."

How devoutly did Pigeon curse his admiration of the genteel, that, in the first place, had exposed him to the undisguised communication of Mr. Tomata, and in the next prevented his discovering himself to the perfidious early lover of his fortnight wife! Pigeon stared aghast at his ingenuous visitor, who strode towards him with a still threatening countenance.

"I shall call when the Pigeons come home—I heard they were at home—be kind enough to let Mr. Pigeon have my card," and Mr. George Tomata flung it upon the table. "If Pigeon make my Lotty a good husband, I'll take him by the hand; if, however, I find him no gentleman—find that he shall use the girl of my heart with harshness or with even the least unkindness——"

"Well, Sir!" and Pigeon, thrusting his hands in his pockets, swaggered to Tomata, "what will you do then, Sir!"

"Then, Sir, I shall again think the happiness of the lady placed in my hands, and thrash——"

"Her husband!" shouted Pigeon.

"Her husband," answered George Tomata; "thrash her husband—thrash him severely—very severely." And, so saying, the conditional champion ran down stairs, and quitted the house. It was a warm day, and Pigeon fell upon the chair, and with his coat-tails fanned himself.

Mrs. Pigeon, with palpitating heart, had heard the hubbub above: the retreating footsteps of George Tomata, and his final exit at the street door, relieved her of an agony of impatience—impatience to confound her husband with a recital of his sins so generously put at her disposal by the anonymous friend of the Figginses. How very fortunate that she had denied herself! How particularly lucky that her rigid adherence to the genteel had been the indirect means of laying bare the hidden iniquities of Pigeon! But for that auspicious circumstance, she might have gone down an injured woman to her grave, and never once have suspected it. Now, what a world of trouble had been generously opened to her! Animated by these feelings, nerved by this conviction, Mrs. Pigeon unlocked the door, and, having paused for a moment to rally her disordered spirits for the conjugal contest, she was about to quit the parlor for the drawing-room, when the false, the traitorous Pigeon, stood before her.

The female reader may possibly be enabled to judge of the overwrought feelings of Mrs. Pigeon from this touching incident; she looked like a marble statue upon her husband, and, with stone-cold lips and a voice that would have petrified a pepper pod, said—"Sir!"

Nor may the male student of this domestic history be less ignorant of the thunder-storm brewing in the breast of Pigeon, when he shall learn that that worthy man, knitting his brows, and clutching his hands, ground through all his double and single teeth—"Madam!"

"Sir!"

"Madam!"

Oh, ye household gods! was there not one to call up a soothing vision—to reawaken, from the dead past, the scene, the forms, the looks, and smiles of only fifteen days ago!—to paint the comely interior of Kennington Church—the meek parson in candid robes—the mechanical clerk, with a label in his mouth, saying, "say after me,"—the dewy eyes of female friends, the hardened looks of the already condemned, and the happy self-satisfied insolence of uncaught bachelors! Where were the bridesmaids hovering affectionately around their departing sister—where the fluttering bride, charmed down to the sweetest meekness of her sex—where the bridegroom, putting the best face on the robbery he is about to commit on an honest family—where the stalwart beadle—where the oak-faced opener of pews! And oh! and above all, where was the sentiment of love and hope that, tuning the strings of two hearts in affectionate unison, promised they should sound for ever the self-same strain, with no discordant sharp, no deadening flat to mar the song of life! And where was Cupid, shaking in the ears of the bridesmaids a chain of wedding-rings—and where was the incorrigible Hymen, dancing a hornpipe in well-riveted fetters of the same!

Had Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon so soon forgotten this and these, and all? Was it the same woman who moved, silently as a white cloud, from the church, who now—a little fortnight gone—towered up the Pythoness of a hearth-stone, and cried forth "Sir!" And—powers of mutability!—could it be the same deferential man, the biped personification of acquiescence and amiability, who now, at the top of his rude lungs, bellowed, "Madam!" Alas! that the chords, whereon the God of Marriage played an epithalamium, should crack with such a twang!

"So Mr. Pigeon!" said the injured wife; who then, incapable of pursuing the theme she had set herself, merely added, with a gush of tears, "I'll go home to my mother."

"Mrs. Pigeon," replied her husband, "you have done very wrong that you ever quitted that worthy and most respectable woman."

"What do you mean, Mr. Pigeon!" asked the wife.

"Mean!" echoed Pigeon. "Where there has been a first love, Mrs. Pigeon——"

"Oh! you barbarous creature! What—you own it? You have not even the delicacy that genteel life——"

"Delicacy, Madam! But I will endeavor to master my feelings. There has been a want of candor between us, Mrs. Pigeon."

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Pigeon, "I deserve it all; "all my acquaintance told me it would come to this. A want of candor, indeed! But I am rightly served. This is the fruit of——"

"Fruit, Ma'am!" exclaimed Pigeon, the word jarring his whole anatomy; "yes, Ma'am, fruit—you may say fruit."

Mrs. Pigeon opened her pretty blue eyes, and, struck by the passion of her lord, by the tragic significance of his manner, requested to know if Mr. Pigeon intended to convey any insinuation? Whereupon Mr. Pigeon approached his wife, and, with intense bitterness, cried—"Loveapple!"

"Loveapple!" echoed the bewildered Mrs. Pigeon—"Loveapple!"

"Very well, indeed, Madam, very well," cried the sarcastic husband. "Of course you never heard the name?"

"Never!" said Mrs. Pigeon, with great emphasis. "Never—that is, I——"

"Charlotte!—for the last time I may call you Charlotte—do you deny that you have ever known one George Tomata?"

"He gave me an ivory card-case brought from Canton," said the innocent wife.

"And nothing else, Ma'am—nothing else? Was there no interchange of sentiment? No—no d—d first love?" cried Pigeon, wrought entirely out of genteel life by the violence of his passion. Pigeon waited for a reply.

Mrs. Pigeon subdued her emotion into scornful dignity, and simply answered—"Mr. Pigeon, you are beneath my notice."

"To be sure—the way with culprits, Ma'am—the way with culprits," said the husband.

"Mr. Pigeon," cried the wife, "I see how it is—you wish to break my heart."

"No, Madam," answered Pigeon. "No—I trust," and Pigeon drew himself up, "I trust I always respect the property of—of strangers."

"Of strangers, Mr. Pigeon? But, Sir, though I am your wife, you shall find I am not wholly unprotected."

"Oh, no! You have a champion, Mrs. Pigeon—in case of accidents I have his card already. You have a champion, Ma'am—the knight of the elephant tooth, Ma'am—the hero of the card-case—the tender synonym—the d—d Loveapple!" and Pigeon shook his fists and stamped about the room. "And I—I a poor believing fool! I, who in courtship and in marriage have never neglected you——"

"Never?" asked Mrs. Pigeon. "Never, Mr. Pigeon."

"No, never, Ma'am—I repeat it."

At this moment the black cat mewed in the hall, and Pigeon could not repeat "never." Mrs. Pigeon read the confusion of the enemy, and immediately followed up the advantage. Twice the black cat mewed, and Pigeon was pale and dumb.

"Mr. Pigeon," said the wife, "I blush for you, that you should resort to such unworthy means of masking your own wickedness."

"My wickedness, Mrs. Pigeon!" and the husband returned to the charge; "and as for blushing, Ma'am, the complexion of some people seems proof to that, whatever it might have been to another climate."

"Another climate, Sir?" said Mrs. Pigeon.

"Answer me this, Madam—why did you stay in England to make me miserable? Why—I ask you—why did you not go to Trincomalee?"

"Trincomalee, Mr. Pigeon! You mean Tonbridge, Sir—Tonbridge. I have heard it all, Mr. Pigeon."

"All, Ma'am? Tonbridge? You are mad, Ma'am—mad with unfounded jealousy, Ma'am. But this shall be ended," said the husband.

"I hope it will, Sir," said the wife.

"We'll separate, Madam," said Mr. Pigeon.

"With more pleasure than we ever met," rejoined Mrs. Pigeon.

"And perhaps, Madam, if we remain twenty years together, there will not be a more favorable moment than the present." And with this avowal, Mr. Pigeon was about to quit the parlor, resolutely bent upon his hat and gloves; when his wife, with admirable presence of mind, placed herself before the door.

"Mr. Pigeon," said she, repressing her tears, "whatever we may decide upon for ourselves, let us not forget what is due to genteel society. If you leave the house in broad daylight, it must be known that we are in town. At least, let us try to wear away a month, and then separate respectably."

"Agreed, Madam—agreed!" said Pigeon. "I have been denied to my excellent godfather, Albatross—a childless man, with ten New River shares—and how he might resent the falsehood, I know not. As you suggest, we will remain hidden for a month, and then separate for ever."

"You will keep fixed to that, I trust, Mr. Pigeon?" asked the wife.

"Immutably," answered the husband.

"They went to Brighton a fortnight ago," said the glib Susan to a new inquirer, whose modest knock had not, in their contention, been heard by the denied couple.

"Hush!" cried Mrs. Pigeon to her husband; and they both listened for the voice of the visitor.

"A fortnight ago," repeated the unflinching domestic, "and, of course, they won't be in town till the month's up. It wouldn't be genteel."

"I heard that Mr. Pigeon was seen last night," said a lady at the door.

"My aunt!" cried Mrs. Pigeon. "I know she's made her will—I must see her."

"Impossible!" said Pigeon. "I cannot be compromised with Albatross."

"But are you sure they're not in town?" asked a gentleman.

"Your uncle!" exclaimed Mr. Pigeon.

"I'd a letter from 'em only this morning, Sir," said the valuable Susan, "with orders about the gold-fish and canary-birds."

"We have walked some way," said the male visitor, stepping hastily into the hall, and at the same time laying his hand upon the parlor-door, "so we'll stay and rest a little;" and with these words the respectable uncle and aunt walked into the apartment, followed by Susan, who, with amazed looks, stared round the room, and then threw her eyes suspiciously towards the fire-place. Had Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon flown up the chimney? Another glance, and Susan was satisfied of their whereabout: they were both squeezed in a corner cupboard—in a nook particularly incommodious for people about to separate for ever. However, as the door was opened by her uncle, Mrs. Pigeon had flown to the narrow sanctuary, and Mr. Pigeon, generously laying aside all difference of opinion in his pursuit of safety, immediately followed her. Fear must have a very contractile power, or that cupboard had never contained both the Pigeons.

"Furnished with very tolerable taste," said the uncle, as he surveyed the appointments of the room.

"All the taste belongs to my niece, no doubt," said the aunt. "Everything very handsome; though I can't say much for the article that decorates the chimney-piece." Pigeon winced, for he knew that the lady spoke of his portrait.

"Hang it! the frame's handsome," answered the liberal uncle; "and the picture itself very like the man."

"Oh! deplorably like him," rejoined the aunt. "Poor Charlotte! I hope she'll be happy—I hope her heart's in the match; but, for my own part, I think it a great sacrifice. No, no—young Tomata was the man."

"So I should have thought; but if the wench preferred Pigeon she was right to have him. And, after all, Tomata's fortune lies in expectation, and Pigeon, though the last person as I conceive for a woman to love, has a certainty." Thus spoke Charlotte's uncle.

"Well, I hope 'twill all end well," said the aunt. "Fortunately, Charlotte has been piously brought up, and has, I believe, been taught the virtue of resignation. When they come home, we must of course ask the creature of a husband to dinner." A loud, oft-repeated knock startled the aunt and uncle, and struck new terror to the two hearts in the cupboard.

"Not come home yet, eh?" questioned Captain Albatross, in his loudest voice.

"At Brighton, Sir. I said this morning, Sir, at Brighton," answered the invincible Susan.

"At Brighton, eh? Ha! we shall see;" and the martial tread of the Captain sounded in the hall, followed by other footsteps, and in a moment he flung open the parlor-door and entered, accompanied by Mrs. Albatross and Mr. George Tomata. "Ha! my dear Mr. Figgins—Mrs. Figgins, I am yours. So they have come home, I presume!"

"No—no, indeed, Captain," said Uncle Figgins: "we have only taken shelter here. We certainly heard that they were at home—heard that Pigeon had been seen."

"I am pretty sure I saw him last night—I am almost certain of it," said the Captain.

"Now, Edward," said Mrs. Albatross, "why will you be so positive? As I said, may you not be mistaken? Were I to believe all about those macaroons, how very unhappy——"

"Leonora!" exclaimed the Captain, and his wounded sensibility showed itself in his relaxed features; "again macaroons!"

"Very odd," said Mr. Figgins, "because nobody," and he glanced at the portrait, "nobody could mistake that face."

"So it appears to me," said the Captain. "Splendid fellow! isn't he?"

"Eh?" asked Figgins, with an incredulous look, for he doubted the seriousness of Albatross.

"Splendid fellow—not regularly handsome; but very fine. My godson, Mr. Figgins, shall have all I have."

"I was remarking," said Mrs. Figgins, "before you came, that there was a certain expression in that portrait very, very superior to regular beauty."

"Splendid fellow!" repeated the Captain. "I knew his mother, Ma'am, before she married; but I was ordered with my regiment into Kent, and absence, you know——"

"Edward!" cried Mrs. Albatross.

"I have done. Now to business: depend upon it, there's some mystery here. It is, after all, scarcely to be thought that Pigeon is in town: for I never can believe that Samuel Pigeon, my godson that is, my son that ought to have been, would——"

"Captain Albatross," exclaimed the Captain's lady, "I must leave the room."

"Would have denied himself to me. Could I think so, I'd disinherit him this minute. I'd——"

Another loud knock at the street door; Susan answered the call, and was about to assure a lady—the self-same visitor who had had so interesting an interview with Mrs. Pigeon—that "her master and mistress were at Brighton," when the newcomer inquired "if Mr. and Mrs. Figgins were not in the house?" Another minute, and the lady walked into the parlor.

"Mrs. Blight!" cried Mrs. Figgins, and she rose to welcome the visitor in green spectacles. "Who'd have thought to see you?"

"I have been to your house, and they told me you were come here," said Mrs. Blight.

"How good of you to follow us!" remarked Mrs. Figgins.

"Oh! this is not my first visit to-day," observed the self-complacent Mrs. Blight. "I heard of the marriage, and came straight from the coach."

"And did you see Pigeon?" asked Captain Albatross.

"Oh, no! he's at Brighton; but I saw a female here," answered Mrs. Blight.

"What, the servant? No? A female—what kind of person?"

"Why, for my own part, I should say rather a plain young woman," replied Mrs. Blight. "A person assuming genteel airs, with no real pretensions to them."

("Be quiet, my dear—pray be quiet," whispered Pigeon to his wife in the cupboard.)

"She was a friend, she told me, of Mrs. Pigeon's.—If such are her friends, I—well, well, perhaps Henry deserves it."

"Henry!" exclaimed Captain Albatross; "what Henry?"

"Henry Pigeon," answered Mrs. Blight; "ha! that was a sad affair at Tonbridge!"

"Why, Henry Pigeon's gone to New Zealand," cried Mrs. Figgins; "it's Samuel."

"Is it, indeed?" asked the serene Mrs. Blight; "however, it's all the same. I thought I'd call to see the couple, if at home, and if not, to have a peep at the furniture."

"And you saw a lady here?" asked Albatross. "This deepens the mystery—for Tomata, whom I luckily ran against, has been here this morning, and found a gentleman."

"No, no—I didn't say gentleman," cried Tomata. "D—n it! I hope I know the breed better: he seemed a sort of mixture of the haberdasher and the sheriff's officer."

("Never mind the coxcomb, love," whispered Mrs. Pigeon to her agitated spouse.)

"A man in the house!" cried all the ladies.

"And a strange woman!" added Mrs. Blight. "The place will be stripped, and the dear couple ruined."

"I had some fun with the fellow, to sound him, for he told me he was Pigeon's friend—if true, poor Charlotte!" said Tomata.

"Somebody got into the house to rob it," cried Mrs. Albatross.

"Really, now I recollect," said Tomata, "I think his person did answer a description lately given of a fellow in a paragraph, beginning, 'Caution to families.'"

"Where's the maid?" exclaimed Mrs. Figgins; and the maid was loudly summoned to the parlor.

"Now, girl," said the stern Albatross, "'tis useless to deny it—you have somewhere hidden a man in the house."

"And a woman!" shrieked the ladies, evidently wishing to make the iniquity complete.

"Where are they?—Tomata," said Albatross, "step out and get an officer. You wicked, unworthy domestic, where is the man?—where the woman?"

Susan, with unabashed face, raised her forefinger, and pointed it steadily towards the corner cupboard.

"Ha! ha! then we've caught ye!" exclaimed Albatross, and he tore open the door.

"Charlotte!"

"Samuel!"

"Mr. Pigeon!"

Such were the exclamations of the Albatrosses and the Figginses, echoed by Mrs. Blight and George Tomata.

"My dear Charlotte, why did you deny yourself?—why hide in such a place?" asked Mrs. Figgins.

"Samuel, what is all this?" inquired Albatross; "why keep your arrival secret from your friends?"

"The fact is, Captain Albatross," answered Pigeon, "we were tired of Brighton, but we felt it wasn't genteel to return before the month; and as we were denied to one, we were compelled to be denied; and so we went on until at last, we—we——"

Samuel Pigeon was ashamed to confess the truth—a truth too frequently and too gravely illustrated in the present day; for how often do we see simple Pigeons in search of what they ignorantly consider the genteel, compelled at length to take shelter in—*a corner cupboard?*

London New Monthly Magazine and Humorist for March.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

SHORT SHIFTS.

A couple of sandy-whiskered, queer-looking worthies, named Foster, and who had evidently seen "the light of other days," were summoned by a little lady, in a somewhat *interesting condition*, for £1 4s., for making some dozens of skifts. Notwithstanding all the persuasive eloquence of Mr. Brown, the lady determined on having the case heard, and the two red-whiskered boobies alluded to stood forward.

Lord Dubois—Well, gentlemen, what do you say to this demand?

First Red Whisker Defendant (with a horrible lisp)—Thay, thir, I thay ath thif, thee (she) had the *thifts* to make, and if tho be thee make them too thmall, then of coarth the thifth don't fit—they're full thickth incheth too thort (short). (Roars of Laughter.)

The Court—Of course nothing can be more plainer, but how do you prove that they are too small?

Second Red Whisker—My Lord, we have the pattern.

Mr. Dubois—What, on your own shoulders?

First Red Whisker—No, thir, in thith bundle. (Laughter.)

[Here a large bundle of shifts were *undone*, much to the edification of the court. Some twenty or thirty having been exhibited, the lisping defendant declared on his "thoul and body" he had forgot to remember *the pattern*.]

Lord Dubois—We certainly can't make a shift without it; how are these gentlemen to say the milliner has not performed her work, unless you produce the identical pattern.

The Milliner—Oh, Sir, he dussent (dare not) produce that, and he knows it, the wagabon. (Laughter.)

First Red Whisker—Thir, I athurs you, these thifth are altogether too thort.—(Laughter.)

Second Red Whisker—Hear, Sir, and more nor that—the stuff hasn't been made to go so far as it hort to do.

The Milliner—Oh, you good for nothing—

Lord Dubois—Patience, my good woman, patience—

The Milliner—Patience, iddeed, and two great boobies like these laying their idle pates together about the length of a shift—(laughter)—let him bring his pattern if he can.

First Red Whisker—My good 'ooman, I athure you I—

The Milliner—Don't call me a *good 'ooman*, feller, I'm not used to be called names—(laughter)—I'm sorry I ever had anything to do with you—there—

Lord Dubois—We can do nothing in the case until you produce the pattern given—certainly six inches *too short* may be of serious consequence in a chemise; two inches added to Cleopatra's nose would have changed the destinies of the world; and two inches taken away, would probably have had the same effect.—(Laughter.)

The two male sempstresses not being provided with a *shift*, were conditionally *non*-suited.

London Sunday Times.

DIRTY JACK, THE BAKER.

A remarkably dirty master of the *rolls*, attired in a drab great coat, flannel unders, and drab smalls, appeared to answer the complaint of Mr. Trundle, a cook-shop man on a small scale in the classic and gossiping region of Cromer-street, Gray's-inn-lane. "Dirty Jack" lived opposite to plantiff's pudding dispensary, and appeared to enjoy a most enviable character for "growing shoulders of mutton," coaxing puddings, fishing for taters, abstracting steaks from pies, and, in fact, living on the "fat of the land." Gin and depravity had done its worst with his appearance, and the libidinous beer that broke forth from a sky-blue looking eye, strongly remained one of Jack Falstaff's latter end, when, as *Dame Quickly* said, he "fumbled with the sheets and babbled o' green fields—

"Vice to be hated, needs but to be seen."

But vice in an elderly carcase is doubly hideous, and we cease to respect grey hairs, and unthatched pates, when found associated with roguery. In the present case however, the grey was confined to the beard and whiskers, which were surmounted by as genuine a crop of bristles as ever adorned a lunatic wire-haired terrier.

Lord Dubois—State your case, Jacob.

Jacob—(wiping his nose with the corner of his apron)—Yes, my lord; for a long time I suspected that 'ere man of having a unproper affection for my goods, and—

The Court—State what goods. (Laughter.)

Jacob—Yes, Sir; he's took away my fat—he's done me out o' my puddin' and I strongly suspect as he's bin a trying to conwert my old 'ooman against me.—(Laughter.)

Lord Dubois—Really we are as much in the dark as ever, what fat do you mean—what puddings?

Jacob—Ah, that's it, he ses he's the best baker in London, nobody carn't beat him, not at making a *dead man*, nor getting the fat out o' the dishes, nor the *gravy out the pies* arter they're baked, nor the *rar meat afore they're baked*. Vy, he was the fust man as shuved *stone-dust* inter the flour.

[A practice detected about eighteen year since, when it was discovered that one sack of pounded Derbyshire stone was added to nine sacks of flour—at that period flour was 5*l*. per sack.]

Dirty Jack (in a passion)—Now I'll indict (indite) you for scandal. (Laughter.)

Jacob—Will yer—why I on'ey wonders how any body eats the bread as is made by such a dirty wagab—

Officer—Order, Mr. Jacob—(laughter)—Order.

Jacob—Yes, order any thing you likes at my expence—(laughter)—but my feelins is hurt to be done as he's done me, and I claims 9s. 3d. for the pudden as he's stole time arter time from me—I carn't swear to the *fat*, accause there's no tellin; but Lord, gentlemen, you'd be surprised to see what a set o' wagabons those year "cheap and nasty" bakers is—why, they takes the werry—

Dirty Jack (screwing up his tatur-trap, and looking very knowing)—Tell yer what, my lord, I knows the lor as well as you does, and if ever I pays him a farden, burn my shirt. (Laughter.)

"Your shirt!" said Jacob (in an agony of astonishment), "why you knows you on'ey got the shirt of the "Happy Man." (Laughter.)

Lord Dubois—Why, what sort of a shirt is that?

Jacob—Why none at all, my lord, and that's the hidentical reason why they calls him "Dirty Jack."

Dirty Jack here edged up to Jacob Trundle—Said Jacob seemed disposed manfully to support the honour of the cook's-shopmen. Dirty Jack's face looked like an old flour sack, and Jacob's was not unlike a greasy pewter platter. For a moment it appeared as if *Doughy* was about to try conclusions with *Puddinghead*; but our friend Goodman, the officer, most politely stepped between; and the jury, after entering into the full merits of the case, decided in favour of the cook-shopman.

Ib.

An Ambiguous Answer.—During the late assizes at Exeter, a woman, apparently about 60 years of age, was examined on behalf of the prisoner in a trial for a misdemeanour. On being asked a question as to her "position in life," she answered, "I am a *spinster*, and my *husband* is a farmer; of course I am his wife." This contradictory, and at the same time ludicrous answer, naturally upset the accustomed gravity of the court, and almost excited the learned judge himself to laughter.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1838.

NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

The great event of the meeting was the race for the immense Produce Stake of Forty-four subscribers at $1000 each—the largest ever run for in America. The subscribers comprise many of the most distinguished breeders north of Carolina, and a more formidable lot of colts have seldom been brought out. Twelve subscribers are residents of New York or Long Island—Eight of Virginia—Two of New Jersey—Two of Pennsylvania—One of Maryland, and One "where honor calls," in the U. S. Army. The Stake, to be run over the Union Course at the First Spring Meeting of 1838, with colts and fillies then 3 years old, was opened four years since, and closed on the 1st of January, 1835, with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora by Eclipse.
2. Do " " Jemima by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson " " Medoc's dam by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens " " Janette by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes " " Betsey Richards by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens " " Celeste by Eclipse
7. S. Gouverneur " " Polly Jones by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton " " Miss Mattie by Eclipse.
9. Do. " " Charlotte Pace by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson " " Reality by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig " " Bonnets of Blue by Eclipse.
12. Do. " " Kate Kearney by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold " " Arietta by Eclipse, or Medley.
14. John Heth " " Screamer by Luzborough.
15. Do " " Annette by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn " " Flirtilla by Luzborough.
17. Do. " " Isabella by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts " " Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge " " dam of Mazeppa by May Day.
20. Ro Randolph " " Minge's Bluster Mare by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson " " dam of Charles Kemble by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman " " dam of Trifle by Andrew.
23. J. M. Botts " " dam of Rosalie Somers by Gohanna.
24. Do " " dam of Rolla by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson " " Bedford mare by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor " " Blank by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens " " Romp by Henry.
28. Jas S. Garrison " " Lady Lagrange by Luzborough.
29. Do. " " Sally Hope by Sarpedon.
30. Do " " dam of Zinganee by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones " " Dove by Imp. Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden " " dam of Bachelor by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade " " Green's Filho mare by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird " " Farmer's Damsel by Henry.
35. Do. " " Lady Hamlet by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens " " Goliah's dam by Eclipse.
37. Do. " " Lady Jackson by Henry.
38. John C. Craig " " Betsey Archer by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver " " Patsey Calbert by Mons. Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes " " Saluda by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens " " Lalla Rookh by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedeker " " Grasshopper by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens " " English mare Isabel by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones " " Princess by Eclipse.

By the death of JOHN C. CRAIG and WILLIAM COLEMAN, Esqrs., of Pa., their nominations are void, being numbers 11, 12, 22, and 38, or the produce of Bonnets o' Blue, Kate Kearney, Trifle's dam, and Betsey Archer. The following mares are ascertained to have had no foals, or they are since dead:—Medoc's dam, Polly Jones, Reality, Annette, Phillis, Blank, Romp, Imported Filho da Puta mare, Lalla Rookh, Grasshopper, Imported Isabel, Farmer's Damsel, Lady Hamlet, and Princess, being numbers 3, 7, 10, 15, 18, 26, 27, 33, 34, 35, 41, 42, 43, and 44.

It is understood that the following nominations have been trained for this stake:—

1. Walter Livingston's ch. c. *Nassau*, by Eclipse, out of Medora by Rattler.
2. " " b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima by Rattler.
4. John C. Stevens' ch. c. *Fordham*, by Eclipse, out of Janette by Sir Archy.
6. Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. ———, by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.
8. Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. *Caroline*, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy.
9. " " " ch. f. *Anne*, by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy.
14. Col. John Heth's f. ———, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Screamer by Henry.
16. Col. Wm. Wynn's b c. *John Linton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy.
17. " " " ch. c. *Porter*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy.
19. Wm. H. Minge's b. c. ———, by May-Day, out of Mazeppa's dam by Hotspur.
20. Ro. Randolph's f. ———, by Forty-four, out of Minge's Bluster mare.
21. Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. ——, by Andrew, out of Chas. Kemble's dam, by Gallatin.
23. J. Minor Botts' b. f. *Sophia Western*, by Gohanna, out of Mischief by Virginian.
25. Robt. Tillotson's ch. c. ———, by Eclipse, out of Red Russet's dam, by Bedford.
28. J. S. Garrison's ch. c ——, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy.
29. " " b. c. ——, by Sarpedon, out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy.
30. " " f. ——, by Ivanhoe, out of Zinganee's dam, by Imp. Chance.
31. Maj. Wm. Jones' ch. f. ——, by Imp Roman, out of Dove by Duroc.
32. Maj. Jas. M. Selden's — ——, by Sussex, out of Bachelor's dam, by Tuckahoe.
36. John C. Stevens' ch f. *Zela*, by Eclipse, out of Miss Walton. Goliah's dam.
37. " " " ch. c. ——, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
39. Isaac H. Oliver's — ——, by Mons. Tonson, out of Patsey Calbert by Sir Archy.
40. J. Hamilton Wilkes' ch. c. ——, by Eclipse, out of Saluda, the dam of Dr. Syntax.

Of the *twenty-three* enumerated above, the following were brought on Long Island and trained during the week previous to the race:—Numbers 1 and 2 from New Jersey—SAMUEL LAIRD, trainer—No. 4, trained at the owner's stable on the Island, by BAXTER—No. 6, also trained at owner's stable on the Island, by ALFRED CONOVER—(No. 8 and 9 have been trained by young VAN MATER, a chip of the old block, but No. 8 unfortunately fell lame, and both were left at home in New Jersey.) (No. 14, trained in Va., by JOHN ALCOCK, did not come North.) Nos. 16 and 17, from Virginia, WM. PORTER, trainer for the last two months—(Nos. 19, 20, and 21, did not come North from Va.) No. 23, from North Carolina, Capt. JAS. J. HARRISON, trainer—No. 25, trained on the Island by (Post Boy's) SAM—(Nos. 28, 29, and 30, did not come on from Va.) No. 31, trained on the Island, by LLOYD.—(No. 32 did not come on from Maryland.) Nos. 36 and 37, trained at the owner's stable on the Island, by BAXTER—(No. 39 did not come on from Va.) No. 40, trained on the Island by ALFRED CONOVER.

For the week preceding the race, every report from the Island, as the stables began to congregate there, produced some fluctuation in the betting. A "cough" sent favorites out of market, and "sprains" and "curbs" were in every one's mouth; nothing was heard of, but that this or that colt had "let down," or was "amiss," and the only things thought worth watching, were private trials. Capt. STOCKTON'S *Caroline* would have been 2d favorite and very heavily backed, had she not fallen lame ten days before the race; Mr. WILKES' *Brother to Dr. Syntax* went amiss but a week before *the* event—he was another very prominent Northern favorite, and a 3d was *Zela*, in Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS' stable. From the first, the choice of Col. WYNN'S two was 1st favorite, and when Capt. HARRISON arrived on Friday before the race, with Mr. BOTTS' Gohanna filly, *Sophia Western*, (her *last* name), she appeared in such fine condition, that the odds set strongly in favor of the South against the North.

Tuesday and the 1st of May at length arrived; the weather was delightful, and nothing prevented one of the best Mile races ever made over the Union Track, but the heavy rains of the previous week. The attendance of citizens and strangers was unusually large, and in the Ladies' Pavilion we were pleased to find a brilliant galaxy of Northern belles, to grace the victory of their favorite. When the call was sounded six competitors came upon the ground, five of whom started. To the evident surprise of many, *Fordham* made one of the number instead of *Zela*, and Flirtilla's colt, *John Linton*, instead of Isabella's colt, *Porter*, the brother to Picton. It was generally understood, however, by the knowing ones, some days previously that John Linton was the Colonel's favorite from his superior condition. But we must saddle, and lead up. Here's "the order of the course:"—

TUESDAY, May 1, 1838—Produce Stakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Forty-four subscribers at $1000 each, $250 forfeit. Mile heats.

No. 4.	Mr. John C. Stevens' *Fordham*, trained by Baxter	Jack	1	1
2.	Mr. Livingston's *Job*, trained by Laird	Abram	3	2
6.	Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' Celeste colt, trained by Conover	Valentine	4	3
16.	Col. Wynn's *John Linton*, trained by Porter	George	2	4
23.	Mr. Botts' *Sophia Western*, trained by Harrison	Melford	dist.	

Time, 1:49½—1:50. Track heavy.

The Race.—Sophia Western drew the track, while to Job's lot fell the outside place. After several bad starts, in two of which John Linton ran out to the draw gate, they got off, John Linton 1st, the Celeste colt 2d, Fordham 3d, and Sophia 5th. These positions were respectively maintained to the end, with the exception of Fordham, who went up on the back side, and cut down the Celeste colt as if he was standing still—in another instant he had collared John Linton, and passed him on the outside—at the top of the hill he was clear of him—threw him farther off on the 3d quarter, and came home in sporting style, hard in hand, a winner by several lengths, in 1:49½—the state of the track considered, the best mile heat made on the Island since *Robin Hood's* day.

The result staggered the betting men, who sought to cover themselves under any *hedge* that offered. The Gohanna filly, of whom the Southern party had strong hopes, could not make a stroke, and was shut out by the distance flag. Capt. Harrison, who travelled her from North Carolina, arrived on the Island only three days before the race; no wonder she was dead amiss. She has run a trial with her shoes on in 1:52.

The Second heat was better contested than the first. After a bad start, the Celeste colt went forward and cut out the work, Fordham 2d, in hand, and Job 3d. The latter, on getting into straight work on the back-side, made a desperate brush for the lead, which he had obtained at the hill, and would have maintained "*but*" for Fordham; but Jack here got his orders to "take the lead and keep it," which he did with ease to the end. John Linton was sailing in very quietly for the 3d place, when Dick Valentine, determining not to be last, caught the Celeste colt by the head at the distance stand, and by dint of steel and whalebone, succeeded in placing *his* colt 3d, though not without a smart tussle for it. This heat was run in 1:50, and the winner had so much in hand at the finish, as to induce the belief, that had the track been fine, the time would have been "low down among the 1–forties!" Eighteen nominations being void, the stakes (winner's included) amount to $10,250!

The winner derives his name from the ancient manor of *Fordham*, in Westchester County, N. Y., near McComb's Dam, where he was bred. He has been reared upon the English forcing system, as his part owners, Messrs. HAMILTON and SCHUYLER, assure us; in his yearling form he was fed with milk, ground oats, etc., and the utmost attention has been paid to him ever since. He now measures 15 hands and an inch, and has arrived at as much maturity as most horses with another year on their heads. He is a chesnut without white, and as game-looking a colt to the eye, as can be found in the country. His head is more clean and blood-like than most of his sire's get; this he must get from his dam, a superb mare, own sister to Sir Charles. His thighs, arms, and hocks, would show his sire as far off as they could be seen; we need not say they are immensely powerful. He is exceedingly well put up, with a good shoulder, strong back, and well shaped quarters; he is very deep chested, and can measure with most horses of his inches from the point of the hip to the hock, and from the point of the shoulder to the elbow; a finer thigh and stifle, or a cleaner set of limbs, cannot be shown. Indeed "the Napoleon of the South" pointed him out long ago as the best colt he had seen in nomination for this race, and twelve months since, taking our namesake, the brother to Picton, as our first choice, we named him as the 2d, and with No. 22 for our 3d, (the Andrew colt, out of Trifle's dam, which could not start in consequence of the lamented Mr. COLEMAN'S decease,) offered to back the three against the other *forty-one*, for a bound file of "*the Spirit*," since its commencement, against a hecatomb of shin plasters! He can be matched to run Four mile heats this Fall, over the Union Course, against anything wearing hair!

John Linton, by Imp. Luzborough out of old Flirtilla, is a bay, with a star and three white feet. He is a colt of immense size and substance, measuring full 16 hands. Col. WYNN informs us he has grown two inches and a half since September last. Fore-handed he is as fine as *Rodolph;* his head is just about right, and his eye and ear ditto; but his shoulder, fore arm, back and stifle are good for weak eyes; across the loin he reminds one of Picton, while his gaskin tapering off somewhat toward the hock is a picture of his sister's, *Mary Wynn*, now in Tennessee. The only material faults to be found with him lie in his fore legs, the knees of which bend forwards, much in the style of *Fanny Wyatt's*, though without any show of weakness.

Porter, the brother to *Picton*, in the same stable, was too high, and latterly has not been doing so well as John, though quite as promising. He is a chesnut, with no other white than a slight diamond star—of about 15 hands, under the standard. He has inherited old Isabella's back and loin, and like Picton, has met with an accident in his left eye in his 3 yr. old form. His head, a rather handsome one, is very well set on to a prettily arched neck; he is not so well ribbed out as Picton, nor is he so deep through the flank; his chest, however, is capacious, and his hocks, arms and thighs are capital. Before the stake race an offer was made to run him against any colt in nomination for $10,000 aside, this Fall, Four mile heats, and "respectfully declined."

Job, Mr. LIVINGSTON'S Jemima colt, is bay, without white, about 15½ hands, put up very much in the style of *Mingo*, to whom he is a near relative; both are by Eclipse out of Rattler mares, and we have heard it remarked that their dams were sisters. Job stands very clean and even upon limbs cast in the mould of Eclipse himself, with a hock that is a miracle of strength and form. He is very fine through the brisket and across the loin, and looks able to carry 140 lbs. and go four miles with any 3 year old alive. LAIRD had not given him quite work enough, and he has lately recovered from a cough.

Nassau, in the same stable, the produce also of Eclipse and Rattler, is a chesnut, with no white save a small star. He is a more bloodlike looking colt than Job, the points of the Rattler stock predominating over the Eclipse. He is not over 15 hands, but is finely proportioned, and has good action, though not so sweeping a stride as the Jemima colt.

Sophia Western was bred, and is owned by J. MINOR BOTTS, Esq., of Richmond. She is out of Mischief, by Virginian, and her grandam out of Trifle's dam, by Bellair. Capt. Harrison called her Patience, then Necessity, but Mr. Botts, with better taste, has given her the name of Tom Jones' old flame, the inimitable "Sophy,"—"Squire Western's" only daughter. She stands about 15 hands and an inch—is a bay, with a near fore and opposite hind foot white. Her neck and head are very pretty, and she has a beautiful ear and eye. Her limbs are very flat, with short cannon bones, and powerful arms of good length. She is a deep chested, fine shouldered filly, with a good loin, and perfectly shaped quarters, thought rather light. She was knocked up by her long and hasty journey from North Carolina, and started dead amiss.

Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS' Celeste colt is a beautiful chesnut, with a star and delicate stripe, about 15-3, of good length, and great symmetry. His shoulder inclines well back, while the point of his hip extends forward sufficiently to strongly brace a moderately short back, leaving a fine saddle seat. He is long under the reach, with a deep chest, thin shoulder, and high withers, and stands perfectly clear upon limbs the picture of Henry's. The Brother to Dr. Syntax, in the same stable, is a colt of remarkable promise, but unfortunately went amiss about three days since. He has a great turn of speed, and will do his brother no discredit should he ever come on the turf right.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Four subs. at $200 each, $50 ft. Mile heats.

Robt. L. Stevens' b. c. by Eclipse, out of Meg Dods, sister to Wynn's Isabella by Sir Archy	Benj. Reed.	1	1
J. Van Secler's br. f. by Simon, out of Rotten Apples		2	2

Time, 1:57—2:14.

Two only came to the post for this stake, the Meg Dods colt and VAN SECKLER'S filly by Simon. The other two were *Fordham* (the winner of the previous stake), and a 2d nomination of Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS',—a colt or filly out of Betsey Ransom, by Eclipse. The winner is a strapping colt of 16 hands, a chesnut without white; he was scarcely halter-broke, and never ran a trial; indeed little Ben Reed was in luck to get him round the track. The 1st heat was a "pretty bobbish" affair, but the 2d all sorts of a race; each party finessed to put the issue on a brush from the draw gate home, and so crept along at a hand gallop till near the half-mile post; here both came into a dog trot, and Conover, who trained the colt, was so fearful Ben would pull him back to a stand still, that he galloped over the field to tell him to *go along!* Had he once stopped, he might not have recovered his stride the same afternoon, and he would certainly have lost the heat, as Van Seckler's filly can beat him at *standing still*, any day.

SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, May 2—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs., with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col W. R. Johnson's (Asher P. Hamlin's) b. c. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich, (by Eclipse), the dam of Tarquin, Decatur, etc., 4 yrs	Gil. Patrick.	3	1	1
John C Stevens' ch. h. *Dosoris*, by Henry, out of Miss Walton (by Mendoza, a brother to Sir Walter), the dam of Goliah, Floranthe, etc. 5 yrs	Geo. Nelson	1	2	2
Capt R. F. Stockton's imported br. h. *Langford*. (bred by his late Majesty, William IV.,) by Starch, out of Peri (by Wanderer), the dam of Sir Hercules, etc. 5 yrs	Dick Valentine.	2	3	dis

Time, 3:55—3:56—3:54. Run during a rain storm; track very heavy.

The day commenced with "a stiff horn" of "heavy wet" before breakfast, and up to 1 o'clock, "anti-fogmatics" and "cold without" succeeded one another until the plug was fairly drawn out, and it commenced pouring like a young Mississippi through a big watering-pot. The attendance at the Course was consequently meagre. The betting, however, was spirited, though not to a heavy amount; Dosoris having been turned out last fall, was too high for a severe race; he is a voracious feeder, and the spring was so backward at the North, as not to allow of sufficient time to work off the twenty or thirty odd pounds of superfluous flesh with which he was encumbered—the prevailing condition of nearly all Northern stables. Dosoris was the favorite notwithstanding; the betting was principally between him and Langford, Suffolk being only a make-weight with the backers of the field. The latter was in better condition than either of the others. The slippery state of the track was much against Langford, a long striding horse, with a stroke of twenty-four feet.

The Race.—Langford led off the first mile—(as he did at Trenton last week, where he won a two mile heat in 3:48)—the other two in hand, Suffolk having the second place. On swinging round the last turn into the quarter stretch Dosoris ran up on the inside, but Langford came first to the stand, with Suffolk second on the outside. Langford hugged the pole as they swept round the next turn, and George was obliged to pull Dosoris outside. At the quarter mile stake he passed Suffolk, whom Gil. Patrick had in hand, and half way down the back stretch he again "tried it on" by slipping inside of Langford; they were locked to near the half mile post, Dosoris outfooting him up the hill, and maintaining the lead to the end. Neither Langford nor Dosoris cooled out well, and the former appeared to be "tied up" and off his feet. All three, however, came to the post for the Second heat: Langford again got the track at the start, but declined on the first quarter, and Suffolk caught up the running. Dosoris was pulled back so far on the back stretch as to make "a spread eagle" of the field; he had an immense gap to make up to reach Langford on the backside, and another to get up to Suffolk; the first he accomplished readily enough; but the last was "a horse of another color;" he collared Langford, and beat him up the hill, after a most gallant effort, and then pulled outside and challenged for the lead; Suffolk threw him off at the turn, and finally won the heat by a length in the clear, Dosoris punished sufficiently to ensure a good sweat after it. The odds were now 2 to 1 on Suffolk—few takers—most of the betting men down on their luck. For the Third heat Suffolk led off with a fine racing stride, Langford 2d, and Dosoris 3d, well up; at the half mile post Langford gave back, and Dosoris took his place; the pace improved up the straight side to the stand, where Suffolk and Dosoris were neck and neck. The backers of the favorite now revived—60 to 40 went a begging, and as Dosoris locked him down the back stretch 100 to 25 was offered. By condition, like blood, WILL TELL, and at the top of the hill Dosoris was a beaten horse, though he gallantly struggled through to the end, losing the heat by about a length only, Langford "no where."

The entries have all been described before in this paper; but we may remark, that Suffolk's style of going is greatly improved since we saw him win his Sweepstakes on the Island, last Spring; he is much grown also, being now 15½ hands, with great length and leveridge. He is likely to do the Island some credit, and we are glad he is still owned there. It is a remarkable fact, that his dam with himself in his yearling form were sold at auction, at Tattersalls, in this city, for $205,50—yes, two hundred and five dollars and fifty cents, for the dam of Tarquin, Decatur and Suffolk, the latter included! No such bargains are to be picked there now-a-days, we "calculate."

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Daniel Abbott's b. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, 6 years	John Sparling.	1	1
Willet McCoun's b. h. *Blazing Star*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs		3	2
Maj. Wm. Jones' s. f. by Andrew, out of Lady Flirt by Sir Lovel, 4 yrs		4	3
Jonathan Smith's s c. *Jack Andrew*, by Andrew, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs		2	dr.

Time, 1:56—1:59. Track very heavy, and raining.

THIRD DAY.

THURSDAY, May 3—Purse $500; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs	walked over.		

Things have come to a pretty pass when neither Long Island nor New Jersey can furnish an entry for a three mile day! It may be urged, and with some justice, that all our stables are too high, on account of the extreme backwardness of the season, and the early day at which our first Spring meeting commences; but that ten or fifteen horses should have allowed a walk-over to a stranger, is the next thing to a positive disgrace. If it is allowed (as it appears to be on all hands) that our Spring meeting comes off too early to give our turfmen time to get their horses in condition, let us have the time changed, instead of making excuses.

Boston was bred by JOHN WICKHAM, Esq., of Henrico Co., Virginia, the breeder of Tuckahoe, Robin Brown, and other good ones. Mr. W. sold him unbroke in his 2 yr. old form to Mr. N. RIVES, of Richmond, for $800! He has since been trained in Col. JOHNSON'S stable, and has proved so successful on the turf, that $10,000 have been refused for him. He is a light chesnut, with white stocking on his hind feet, and a star and stripe. He lacks but half an inch of 16 hands, with a heavy oblique shoulder, and very long muscular thighs, and strong arms, the gaskins much in the style of Tom Moore. But for his comparatively light barrel, he would be taken for an Eclipse, and no beauty at that. His hocks come well down to the ground, his cannon bones being as remarkable for length as his pasterns are for shortness. His hocks incline to coarseness, and his shank bones are rather round than flat. He made four capital three mile races last season, beating Prince George, Reindeer, Camsidell, Cippus, Tom Moore, Betsey Andrew, and a dozen others.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Produce stakes for 3 year olds; weights as before. Thirteen subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of his Oscar mare	Abram.	1	1
John C. Stevens' ch. c. *Fordham* (pedigree in Tuesday's report)		2	2
Wm. Gibbons' b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch, own sister to Star by Virginian		bolt.	
Robt. L. Stevens' Celeste colt (pedigree in Tuesday's report)		dist.	
W Livingston's b. c *Job* (" " " ")		dist.	
John Van Sicklen's ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Lady Richmond		dist.	

Time, 1:55—1:57. Track very muddy from yesterday's rain.

This stake brought out the winner of the great stake on Tuesday, and two others that ran for it. The state of the track being considered, it was about as fast a thing as the race on the first day. Fordham was the favorite against the field at 2 to 1, though not in so fine order as he was on Tuesday; the Celeste colt and Job looked a shade finer. The winner was quite out of the market in the betting, notwithstanding the hint we threw out a fortnight since, that our old friend VAN MATER had a sweepstake colt "a leetle finer" than any trump he has turned up lately. One of the handsomest colts on the ground was Saracen, a bay, with no white marks, about 15½ hands. He unfortunately bolted at the gate, (ten rods from the stand,) and this reminds us to suggest the necessity of a different entrance through which to bring horses on the track. For the last half dozen years horses have bolted on the Union Course at no other point; colts, especially, are liable to bolt here, as the entrance gate is nearly opposite the commencement of the narrowest part of the track, and when the field is large, they are obliged to close at this point.

The Race.—Clarion led off, with Fordham 2d, and Saracen 3d, in one phalanx—well up with them came the Celeste colt on the inside, Van Sicklen next, and Job on the outside. At the first turn, opposite the gate, Saracen bolted, and Job being close up, was carried quite out of the track, and Jack lost half a distance in jerking him back, and getting him once more at work. George, on Saracen, had a very narrow escape of it, being thrown quite over on his neck; it seemed for an instant as if saltpetre wouldn't save him, but he clung like a blister, and finally regained his seat and his stirrups, and made up more than a double distance.

It having rained all the previous day and night, the track was excessively heavy, and soon took the "go along" out of all but Clarion and Fordham, who ran a match for it from the half mile post, the others being quite knocked up at the hill. Clarion was never headed, and won by a length, Fordham doing all he knew up the last quarter. The Celeste colt was shut out by about the length of his tail, the other two "no where." It seemed apparent to all that Fordham had lost his stride, or was affected by his curbs, his action being entirely different from what it was on Tuesday, and the current of the odds now ebbed in Clarion's favor at 100 to 40. They got away with a fine start as in the 1st heat, Clarion get-

ting a taste of steel at the tap of the drum. Jack pulled Fordham too far behind round the first turn and down the back side; at the half mile post he was out of his distance; but setting to work soon after, he made a tremendous run round upon the straight side, where he caught Clarion, and a desperate struggle commenced. Clarion evinced no little dislike to the spur, but little Abe put in both gaffs, and giving him no respite, brought home his colt a gallant winner, Fordham just lapping him at the winning post. It was his only chance, for had the distance been ten rods further he had surely lost the heat.

Clarion, the winner, is a very promising colt, of fine size and superior action. He measures 15 hands three inches—is a chesnut with a star, and near hind foot white. His head, eye and ears, like most of the get of *Monmouth* Eclipse, are very handsome. There is almost too much daylight seen under him, but his arms are good and his knees and hocks fine. His thigh is hardly muscular enough; his barrel is full long, but his shoulder blades being well inclined and his quarters long, leaves a saddle seat, technically termed *the sway*, not much out of proportion as to length. Offers to match Fordham against him, to run over the Camden Course, were declined by some of his friends. Since he came out, Monmouth Eclipse stock has risen in the market: his 3 and 2 yr. olds are said to be so promising that several of the best bred mares at the North are with him this season.

FOURTH DAY.

FRIDAY, May 4—Jockey Club Purse $1000; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 6 yrs.	Gilbert Patrick.	1 1
Robt. L. Stevens' ch. h. *Henry Moore*, by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar, 5 yrs.		2 dr
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.		3 dr
John H. Coster's ch. h. *Ajax*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Sarah by Duroc, 6 yrs.		4 dr

Time, 8:01. Track heavy.

A pretty race this was, we don't think. Ajax and Bergen were green as sap, and Henry Moore had not a sound foot to stand on. They jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, in shying Boston, three mile heats, to meet Atalanta in four. Belcher thought *she* was high, but she had seasoning enough to beat this party handily, as they could not stand a press over three miles. The horses were no sooner stripped than 100 to 60 was currently offered on Atalanta vs. the field. Ajax drew the track—Atalanta the outside; they went away at the tap of the drum, Ajax and Betgen at a killing stroke, while "the old brown mare" and Henry Moore were going along sweetly in hand. This position was maintained throughout the first two miles, Atalanta and Henry M. being nearly out of their distance. On the back stretch of the 3d mile Gil. Patrick was "tipped the office," and set to work, Henry M. waiting on her. At the foot of the hill the field closed, and before they attained its ascent, Atalanta was clear of the melee, having outfooted the lot. After this the thing was out! She dropped the field at every subsequent stroke to the end, galloping home an easy winner, the others pulling up inside the distance. Had they ran out the heat, Bergen would have been placed 2d, and Henry Moore 3d—but we are bound to place them in the order in which they came to the winning post. The other entries being now withdrawn, the Purse was given to Atalanta. Interesting racing, wasn't it!

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before, Mile heats.

Willett McCoun's (Henry Fenner's) b. h *Rienzi*, by Paul Clifford, out of Kate Kearney by Henry, 5 yrs.	Gil. Patrick.	1 1
Daniel Abbott's gr. f. *Eliza Derby*, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Hickory, 4 yrs.		3 2
A. L. Botts' ch. f. *Margaret Ridgeley*, by Eclipse, out of Phillis, own sister to Gohanna, 4 yrs.		2 dis
B. C. Lockwood's b. m. *Maria W.*, by Henry, 5 yrs.		dist.

Time, 1:52—1:55. Track heavy.

Margaret Ridgeley was the favorite—had the track, and led off at a slashing rate, running to the half-mile post in 55 seconds. Rienzi started off with a bound that lost Gil. Patrick both his stirrnps; he recovered them immediately in sporting style, rammed in the spurs, caught Margaret at the hill, passed her on the top, and came home a winner in 1:52, after one of the best mile races of the week. The 2d heat he led from end to end, winning cleverly.

Gil. Patrick, it will be seen, rode both winners to-day; to make up for Boston's walking over yesterday, he rode a match before breakfast this morning, just to keep his hand in. It was for $100 a-side, $200 bye, Mile heats, between McCoun's *John R.*, and Abbott's *Shepherd*. John R. won it "like winking," winning the 1st heat in 1:52, and the 2d in 1:52½. The match arose from some dispute about the report of their race in this paper over the Centreville Course last week. One party says our report of the placing of these two horses was correct, and another that it was wrong, and so the thing was tried over. We were not present, but if the Clerk of the Course will send us the official report, it shall have a place. Gil. Patrick rode *Post Boy* in his match against *Bascombe*—his seat and hand are as fine as Willis's, and if he has not the latter's judgment, he contrives latterly to throw his leg over a large proportion of winners.

After the second race, commenced a rain storm and a foot race, but we were so much *interested* in the first, as not to wain for the second. And so ended our First Spring Meeting of 1838.

By the bursting of one of the boilers of the steamer *Oronoko*, at Princeton, Miss., on the 16th of last month, some 40 or 50 persons were severely scalded, and 15 to 20 blown overboard. Among the passengers were several individuals well known here, who fortunately escaped. David P. Palmer, the trainer, and his brother James, C. Van Sicklen, Dr. Saunders, Wm. R. Davis were among the number. Col. Y. N. Oliver, and others, had their strings of horses aboard, which were badly scalded, the report says. The explosion providentially took place about five o'clock in the morning, while the passengers were in bed, or the destruction of life would have been awful.

Mr. Stevens' stock failed to sell in New Orleans, as well as we had a reasonable right to expect; in fact they did not sell at all, the offers not being equal by 30 per cent. to those made here. The brood mares have left New Orleans for Tennessee; *Black Maria* and *Cora* are to be sent to imported *Glencoe*, and *Clara Howard* to imported *Leviathan*. The three blacks have gone to Missouri to be trained. Mr. Robert L. Stevens' stock arrived at the New Orleans on the 21st of last month.

We forgot to state last week, and regret to do so now, that it is feared Col. Hampton's *Lath* has broken down, which accounts for his not being here. The Bertrand filly *Milwaukie*, has been taken into Col. Johnson's stable.

Columbus (Miss.) *Spring Races Postponed.*—The races over the Hyde Park Course, near Columbus, Miss., have been postponed from the first Monday in May, to the Fourth Monday, 28th May, in order that they may not conflict with those over the Henry Course, at Greensborough, Ala.

Robert Wooding, Esq., has sold his bay mare *Giantess*, by Sir Henry Tonson, out of Elidigert by Tennessee Oscar, 6 yrs., with a yearling filly by Imp. Leviathan, and now in foal to Rodolph, to Daniel Field, Esq., of Bayou Sara, La.—Price $1000.

Trotting Races next week.—On Tuesday next commences the First Trotting meeting over the Beacon Course, at Hoboken, to a programme of which on the last page special attention is directed.

Another Match Race.—A match race will come off over the Bean's Station Race Course, Tenn., on the first Thursday in May, for $1000 aside, money up, P. P., between Col. William Ainsworth's horse Traveller and Col. James Scrugg's mare Viney. This will be the most beautiful and well contested race ever run over any track. The horses carry the same weight; the track in the very best order. Now let me ask, what is to prevent an interesting race to take place?—Come and see. The Hawkins people are now filling their pockets with money to bet, and I have no doubt but Monroe is in a like situation, and good spunk at that.

April 18, 1838. Jno. Mayse, Pproprietor.

To the Sportsmen of Cole County, Missouri.—I have three *Waxy* colts—ALICE GREY, OTHELLO and PLOUGHBOY—3 years old twelve months from next Fall, which I will run against any other three nags of the same age, foaled in Cole county The race to be run twelve months from next Fall, over John Scrugg's Course, a mile and repeat, for the sum of fifty dollars entrance for each. Plav or pay.

E. W. Ward.
W. K. Winston.

City of Jefferson, April 12.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, 18th April, 1838. The following gentlemen compose the *Officers of the Club*:—

E. G. W. Burton, Esq., President—Dr. Chas. Clements, Vice President—Wm. T. Robertson, Jr., Esq., Secretary—Richard Reams, Esq., Treasurer. Judges—Alex. Barrow, Esq., and Dr. Charles Clements. Distance Judges—Jas. Johns, and Joseph Cathcart, Esqrs. Timers—Col. A. L. Bingaman, Thos. W. Chinn, and Thos. Eubank Leefe, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, April 18, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent $20; free only for Creole Horses. Weights—for 2 year olds, a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs., with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to m.'s and g.'s Mile heats.

Robt. Bell's ch. c. by Duplantier's Boaster, out of old Caroline, 3 yrs.	2	1	1
John A. Miller's gr. c. *Lord of the Isle*, by Napoleon or Pacific, dam by Jerry, 2 y	4	2	2
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. *Belle Creole*, by Candidate, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.	1	dist.	
Richard Reams ch. g. *Louisiana*, by Duplantier's Boaster, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs	3	dist.	
Theodore Orillion's b. f. *Orillia*, by Duplantier's Boaster, dam unknown, 3 yrs.	dist.		

Time, 2:05—2:04—2:14.

THURSDAY, April 19—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $50; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Thos. W. Chinn's b. c. *Arbaces*, by Bertrand, out of Virginia by Rosicrucian, 4 y.	2	1	1
Mason Thompson's b. c. *Jasper*, by Columbus, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs.	1	3	2
J. C. Beasley's ch. f. *Glance*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	4	2	dis
Robt. Wooding's ch. c. *Livingston*, by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet, 4 y	3	dist.	
Alex. Barrow's b. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs	dist.		

Time, 5:58½—6:00—6:05½.

FRIDAY, April 20—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $30; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs.	1	1
Alex. Barrow's ch. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, pedigree above, 3 yrs.	2	2
John F. Miller's ch. f. *Jane Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs.	dist.	
Thos. W. Chinn's gr. g. *Mogul*, by Lafayette Stockholder, dam unknown, 5 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 3:51—3:59.

SATURDAY, April 21—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent $80; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Wm. R. Barrow's b. c. *Pressure* (late Mad Anthony), by Trumpator, out of Eliza Jenkins by Sir William of Transport	walked over.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; weight 85lbs. Two subs. at $50 each, P.P. One mile.

Richard Reams' b. h. *Mohican*, by Sir Archy, dam unknown, aged	1
Robt. Bell's ch. f. *Miss Hagan*, by Redgauntlet, dam by Janus, 4 yrs.	2

Time, 1:53.

The following Sweepstakes came off over the same course:—

WEDNESDAY, April 11—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; weights as above. Eight subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Miss Bailey	walked over.

SATURDAY, April 14—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; weights as before. Six subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Two mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. f. *Belle Creole*, pedigree above	1	1
Robt. Bell's ch. c. by Duplantier's Boaster, out of Old Caroline	2	2

Time, 3:57—4:00.

The Sweepstakes Nos. 1 and 4, advertised in this paper of the 14th ult., did not come off.

TRENTON (N. J.) FIRST SPRING MEETING.

Trenton, May 1, 1838.

Dear Sir,—In my letter last week I furnished you with an account of the running over the Eagle Course, the first two days of the meeting. The race on Friday concluded much as I anticipated.

FRIDAY, April 27, 1838—Purse $500, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 101—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs., with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.	1	1
J. R. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	3	2
D. Tom's ch. h. *Bloody Nathan*, by Imp. Valentine, dam by Duroc, 5 yrs.	4	3
Mr. Loyd's gr. h. *Manalopan*, by Medley—Betsey Richards by John Richards, 5 yrs.	2 dr	

Time, 5:47—5:52.

The betting was mainly between Manolopan and Bergen; some few, however, were made between Master Henry and Bergen—Virginia Rules. The contest was close, Bergen leading from the score, Manolopan waiting close upon his quarter after running the first mile. Master Henry and Nathan just cleared the distance flag on the coming in. This heat was won by Bergen by about two feet, or half a neck.

Manalopan was soon discovered to be lame in the fetlock of the off fore leg, and withdrawn. The second heat was won without a contest, neither Master Henry or Nathan being able to put Bergen to his speed.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Jas. B Kendall's b. f. *Louisa Lee*, by Medley, [dam not given], 4 yrs.	1 1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's ch. c. *Somerset*, by Sir Charles, out of Powaney by Alfred, 4 y	2 2

Time, 1:51—1:54.

Immediately after this race a match between the same two colts was proposed, Two Mile heats, to take place without going to the stable. There was some little misunderstanding relative to the proposition, which created unpleasant feelings for a while. The match was, however, run, and easily won by the brown filly, Louisa Lee—in two heats. The time was not noted by the judges, and I have not been able to ascertain it correctly. Most truly, your friend, L.

Match for £300 on Doncaster Course.—A race, which had been kept extremely snug by the parties concerned, came off on Wednesday last on the St. Leger Course at Doncaster, for the above sum, between Mr. Holroyd's brown horse *Don Juan* (formerly called The Weed), by Lottery, and Mr. Bentley's bay horse *The Unknown*, by Mulatto. The parties reside near Huddersfield, and the horses have both been engaged before in steeple-racing in that part of the country—viz., last year at Pontefract, and on a recent occasion at Tadcaster. Don Juan, it should be stated, is thoroughbred, and The Unknown nearly so; and although neither of them were winners in the above contests, they had gained a superiority over each other alternately, and hence the match in question. The Unknown reached the Salutation stables at Doncaster on the preceding Saturday, and the following day Don Juan arrived at the same commodious establishment, attended by his trainer. The affair soon became known amongst the admirers of the turf, and the performances of the horses having been witnessed, betting was freely offered in the different sporting houses in the ratio of 5 to 3 and 2 to 1 on the thoroughbred, which being taken to some tune, we have no doubt considerable sums of money have changed hands. On Wednesday hundreds of persons flocked to the course to witness the interesting event; the booths were nearly all opened, and the police and a number of horsemen being in attendance, the utmost regularity prevailed. Shortly after one o'clock, the horses being in readiness, the "jocks" were weighed, each to carry 12 st.; Tim Templeman crossed Don Juan, and a lad belonging to Earl Fitzwilliam's stables did the same with The Unknown, the former wearing a purple jacket, with yellow sleeves, and the latter a yellow jacket, with blue sleeves. Mr. Joseph Lockwood started them admirably, and afterwards officiated as judge. They went away well together at a rattling pace, and kept so till they had nearly reached the foot of the hill, when The Unknown *suffered* the Don to take the lead, which he maintained along the plantations on the way to the Red-house; but before he reached that renowned spot, The Unknown gave him a lasting go-by, and won the race easily. We should not omit to state, that although the winner is not thorough-bred, he is by far the most powerful animal—consequently best calculated to run over the ground with 12 st. on his back.

It is with much regret we learn that an accident, which had nearly proved fatal, has occurred to George Ezard, head training-groom to John Scott, the eminent trainer, of Whitewall, near Malton. It appears that on Friday morning, the 16th ult., he was out exercising the horses on the Wolds, and after exercising the one he was riding, he dismounted for the purpose of exchanging with another horse, and whilst in the act of mounting, the second horse reared up its fore-legs and knocked him down, in which state it kicked him violently on his side and other parts of his body. Medical assistance was procured, but it was very doubtful for some time whether he would recover; we have since heard, however, that he is in a likely way to get better.

Clerks of Race Courses.—The following notice in the last *Racing Calendar* is particularly deserving of attention:—"At the commencement of another racing season the publishers repeat their request, that the Clerks of the Courses, in sending accounts of races past, will state the weights which the horses actually carry in the races where there are extra weights and allowances. The conditions of races are frequently very complicated, and sometimes so worded as to leave the meaning doubtful, so that no pains on the part of the Editor can prevent mistakes in fixing the weight which he supposes a horse to have carried under those conditions. Every jockey being weighed after the race, it would be very easy to let the weight be printed in the return list, or marked on the copy sent to this office; and as all persons who keep race horses are interested in having correct information on this point, it is hoped that the Clerks and Managers of Races will attend to this suggestion."

Rueful's Receipt for Boiling a Murphy.—"Set them on the fire, *without* paring them in *cold* water; *then* let them *half* boil—*then* throw in some salt, and a pint of—mark me—*cold* water—*then* let them boil again, till *almost* done. *Pour off* the water—put a clean cloth over them, and *then* the saucepan cover—*then* set them by the fire to *steam* till ready. Boston Post.

☞ All the beautiful young ladies, and gallant young beaux, will be out this morning gathering the earth's first blossoms; well, a merry and a happy time to them; we shall take neighbour Clapp's advice and wait till the first of June before we go Maying. Boston Post, 1st May.

RACES, TROTTING MATCHES, &c.

SATURDAY MORNING, 1 O'CLOCK.

On Tuesday last we reached town, after the Sweepstakes which came off at 1 o'clock, in time to send off "slips" by the Express Mail, giving the result to our Southern and Western contemporaries. And we here beg to express our acknowledgements to Col. Dodd, for assorting and despatching our "Slips" after the time of closing the Express Mail.

We have before us partial returns of several race meetings and trotting matches, but the lateness of the hour, and the unceasing calls upon our leisure, have prevented us from licking many of them into shape, and several are unavoidably omitted. We shall bring them up with a round turn next week.

Of the *Broad Rock Races*, we only know that Col. Larkin White's Goliah colt won the Sweepstakes of seven subs., on the first day. The Produce Stakes, same day, were carried off by Mr. Townes' Imp. Luzborough colt, beating five others. Five started for the first stake.

At *Washington*, on Tuesday last, after the match, Col. Stonestreet's gr. f. by Tychicus out of Laura by Rob Roy, beat four others in a sweepstakes of eight subs., Mile heats. On Wednesday, Mr. Wm. H. Taylor's nomination, by Imp. Autocrat, beat three others in a Sweepstakes of eleven subs. The same day Arthur Taylor won the Plate, Two mile heats, beating two others. What Arthur beat or what he ran, we are not informed. Perhaps he ran himself!

On Tuesday last, on the Centreville Course, Mr. Dennis' *Greenwich Maid*, beat Daniel Webster and Blinker, Two mile heats, in harness, in 5:36½—5:31, over a heavy track. The winner is said to be a regular stockdologer, *and*—no mistake!

MATCH FOR $20,000!

A Match is on the tapis between *Decatur* and *Boston*, for $10,000 a-side, Four mile heats, to come off over the Camden Course, near Philadelphia, the ensuing Spring meeting, commencing on Tuesday, the 22d inst. The match has been offered by Decatur, and Boston's acceptance or declinature is to be declared on Thursday next. Let 'em slide!

It will be seen from the letter of our Washington correspondent, that *Decatur* beat *Fanny Wyatt* there in their match for $10,000 aside, four mile heats, on Tuesday last, in 7:45 the 1st heat, distancing her in the 2d—time not kept; the first three miles of the 2d heat are said to have been run by Decatur in 5:44. Hurrah for Long Island! Fanny Wyatt is by Sir Charles, out of a Sir Hal mare, 5 yrs. old—Decatur, same age, is by Henry (the *sire* of *Post Boy*), out of Ostrich, the dam of Tarquin and Suffolk. Ostrich is by Eclipse, out of Garland, the *dam* of *Post Boy*, by Duroc, the sire of Eclipse! There's a pedigree for you; and if Post Boy does not make the fortune of his Tennessee owners, the breeders of the South are blind to their own interests, in overlooking the claims of a Northern champion uniting in himself those strains of blood which have proved too fleet for the fast, and too stout for the strong.

MATCH FOR $10,000 Aside-DECATUR vs. FANNY WYATT.

Washington City, May 1st, 1838.

Dear Sir,—The great race is just over, and *Decatur* is triumphant! He beat *Fanny Wyatt* the first heat in 7:45—the quickest four mile time ever made on our track. The mare had the track at the start, when the horse went up to her, and after a rally of half a mile, he passed her, and kept a length ahead until nearly half way upon the third mile, when she made an attempt to pass, but failed; she went up and locked the horse on the close of the same mile, when he shook her off, and the whole affair was ended, so far as any real contest was concerned. In the fourth mile Decatur did as he pleased, widened the gap between them all the time, and the mare came to a halt as soon as she got within the distance stand.

In the 2d heat Decatur took the track under a pull, gradually leaving the mare, further and further behind him, until at the end of the 3d mile, when Fanny was stopped—Decatur went on by himself [having ran the first 3 miles of this heat in 5:44] without any falling off in his speed to the close of the 4th mile; and so ended this great match, which, like some other matches, was no match at all.

It is proper here to state that both came to the stand in first rate order—there is no doubt about that, and Fanny's friends were all anxious about one thing, and that was to get their money betted, which was no easy thing to do, as the mare had the call decidedly. It should be observed, too, that Fanny's reputation should not be injured, as she was this day equal to any performance she has ever made; that is, she could have gone over the Union Course in 7:44, and repeated it at the same if necessary. You would say that that would be fast enough in all conscience—not fast enough to breathe within a length of Decatur. It must be remembered that 7:50 is the quickest time ever before made on the Washington Course—between *Mary Blunt* and *Cippus* last Fall. Decatur could have made it to-day in 7:40, and repeated it in about the same.

Now for Mr. Allcock. You will say who is Mr. Allcock? Why, he is Decatur's trainer. I heard him say a few days ago, that "if Decatur wins, the people will say he is a very fine horse; but if he loses, the same people will put the blame upon the trainer." Well, then, let us give three cheers to Mr. Allcock! I told you in my last to make a bet upon Decatur, and that I would tell you when to remove the deposites. I told you, also, who would *Wynn* the great stake race. Was I right in that, too? [Not exactly—lightning don't often strike the same tree twice.] We are now breathing after the Express Mail slips which you have promised us. [They were sent.]

Friday is our regular four mile day. What will run is not yet certain. The field will be made up of Cippus, Prince George, Spartacus, Lady Cliffden, and Willis. Perhaps not more than three of them will start. I will tell you a secret, which you may use to your own advantage if you think proper: it is, that Lady Clifden will *not* beat. Go your pile, and I will take half of what you may win.

The crowd upon the Course to-day was very large, but I think not so great as when Eclipse and Sir Charles ran their race, in 1822. Col. Garrison has made his penny, however, to-day. Every man that went to-day had to pay his way; the boys on foot went in on the other great occasion, free. The attendance was immense. The colt stake was won in two heats, by Col. Stonestreet, of Md., the last heat by only six inches. Whenever it comes to six inches, it is close enough for a dead heat, in all conscience. Your ob't. serv't. ****

P.S. I forgot to tell you that I saw your old friend and correspondent, Pete Whetstone, to-day.—[Doubtful, but hope it may be so]. I am certain it was he, though I never saw him before. When I read his late epistles in the Spirit, I made up my mind as to what sort of a looking chap he was, and to-day he stood up naturally before me. That there may be no mistake, I will tell you how he looked: he looked all the time at some very pretty girls in the stand and carriages, and never once thought of Decatur and Fanny Wyatt. He is a very tall well-made gentleman, with sandy whiskers, prominent nose, and large mild blue eyes, with one of nature's best countenances. I am sure 'twas Pete. He wore a light green coatee with yellow buttons, and pantaloons of the widest stripes you ever saw. I had a notion to say "how are you Colonel Whetstone?" but my hear failed me. He stood pretty close to Mr. Henry Clay of Kentucky and Gov Davis of Massachusetts. He will write you by this mail, no doubt.

MATCHES AT COLUMBUS, MISS.

Columbus, Miss., April 18, 1838.

Friend P.—A very interesting race came off a few days ago, over the Hyde Park Course, near Columbus, Miss., for $1000 a-side, One mile, which resulted as follows:—

W. A. Verell's gr. g. *Bernardo*, by Pacific, out of Sumner's Matilda by Grey Tail, 5 yrs 110lbs.	1
L. J. Kirk's s. g. *Pelham*, by Kosciusko, dam by Timoleon, aged, a feather.	2

Time, 1.57. Track very heavy from rain the preceding night.

The following Matches have also been made, to come off over the Hyde Park Course:—

1st. Match, $1000 a-side, Quarter of a mile, between *D. Myers* and *Richard Allen*, to be run 2d May.

2d. Match, $4000 a-side, Four miles, between Col. Amis' gr. h. *Sir Kenneth*, and D. Myers' s. c. by Sir Charles, to be run 3d May.

3d. Match, $3000 arside, One mile, between W. A. Verell's *Black Gelding* and Thomas Amis' *Sorrel Gelding*, to be run the first day of the Spring races.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM TENNESSEE.

GALLATIN, Tenn., April 2, 1838.

A correspondent of yours asks the question,—"if a bet is made that B beats C in a race, and A distances B the first heat and C the second, if the latter wins." You decided he *did not*. This was wrong—see the Rules of the Central Course, Baltimore, which says "all horses distanced the *same heat* are equal," thereby emphatically saying those distanced different heats are not equal. I should therefore say C won. Suppose A had broke a leg in running the 2d heat, then C would have won when B had no possibility of winning.*

Your correspondent, *Expedition*, is the AJAX TELAMON of your forces. He says if we want such horses as TAYLOE'S *Bellair*, or Tayloe's *Leviathan*, we must quit running them at three years old, and increase our weight to 140lbs. for aged horses. If this was done, in a few years we could furnish AMOS with horses that could carry his Express Mail 12 or 15 miles an hour, and fatten on it. I would like very much to see clubs formed for the express purpose of breeding such stock. Unless we quit breeding from English horses that have only run single dash races, we shall have a stock that won't do to plough with, after the first of May; after that, the weather will be too hot for them.

The veteran Gen. WADE HAMPTON remarked that the dead game four mile horse could stand heat better than a mule. I know from experience that he will live on as little as a mule. In capability to render services and stand hardships of a campaign, nothing equals him. I was told by an Officer of the Tennessee Brigade of Volunteers, who went lately to Florida, that there was not a horse got by either Tennessee *Oscar*, old *Wonder*, or old *Pacolet*, but what was given up to the government at Tampa Bay—many of them in good order after the time of the volunteers' enlistment had expired, while the scrubs, or plebeians, were dying of poverty and starvation for months before they reached that point. A friend of mine called on me to accompany him on business some 20 or 30 miles off; my saddle horse was out of the way, and I caught up out of a rich pasture a small brood mare that had a *Medley* cross in her. My friend was riding a splendid muscular looking gelding, got by *Andrew Jackson*, a horse of great speed, but a most notorious Dominico. The day was excessively hot; we had not got five miles before he had to stop his horse and pull his saddle off to let him cool, while my little Medley, though not as cool as "the centre seed of a cucumber," was not at all hurt; this operation he had to repeat four or five times in the course of the day.

All your correspondents, "*et tu Brute*," have done *Eclipse* and *Henry* great injustice in comparing their match and the late great race of *Lady Clifden* & *Co.* You say it was 23 seconds better than their match, without ever hinting that Henry and Eclipse rested only *thirty* minutes, when Lady C. & Co. rested *forty-five* minutes between heats. Besides, Henry carried 4 lbs. *more* than either of your 4 yr. olds. I am of opinion that that match was the best 4 mile race ever run in *the world*; and I do not think *it* is tinctured either with *prejudice* or *interest*.—"Let justice be done though the Heavens fall." Eclipse, in my judgment, was the hardest bottomed horse that has marked a track since the days of Tayloe's *Bellair*. As campaigners, and for ability to run with aged weights, his descendants have no equals. Look at *Ariel* (a winner 42 times), *Black Maria*, who won a 20 mile race, *Medoc* and *Goliah*, winners of 16 mile races. This extraordinary bottom of Eclipse and his stock was owing to the great quantity of *Medley* blood he possesses, and not owing to his *Mambrino* cross, as Mr. JOHN RANDOLPH said. *Shark* and his colts, I predict, will perpetuate his fame. Next to Eclipse, *Industry* and *Sir Charles* were my favorites.

Encourage "*Expedition*" to write; I see he is a man whose patriotism predominates over his *self-interest*. *State Legislatures ought to prohibit all racing under two mile heats, and make it penal to run* 3 *yr. olds*. If this was done, and the weights were increased to 140 lbs for aged horses, we would have such a stock of horses as the world never saw, for Agricultural, Road, Amos, Cavalry, and Turf purposes.

GROSVENOR.

* You are out there, my "democratic friend." By the Laws of the English Jockey Club,—by the Rules of the Union Course, Long Island—of the Nashville Course, Tennessee (pretty near home!)—of the St. Francisville Course, Louisiana, and several others, alike prominent and respectable, the Rule is imperative that "*Distanced Horses are equal.*" We have before us the printed Rules of nearly all the principal American Jockey Clubs, and with the exception of three, whenever the question is spoken of, we are sustained in our decision. The New Orleans Eclipse Course, the Mobile Bascombe Course, and the Baltimore Central Course, are the exceptions alluded to.

There is another question very frequently mooted on a race track, which should be settled one way or the other, and the decision universally adopted. By the "Virginia Rule," a horse placed second the last heat is better than one who shall save his distance after having won a heat. Now by the English Rules, and by the Rules of the Union, Eclipse, St. Francisville, and a dozen other courses, a horse winning a heat, and not distanced, in the race, is better than any other horse that does not win a heat. Will our correspondent give us his views on this question?—*Editor Spirit of the Times.*

SOMETHING LIKE A BANTER TO EXTIO!

Friend P.—Do you think Four or Five Thousand Dollars would be any inducement to the owners of *Extio*? If you do, I have no doubt Maj. E. S. REVILL would give her a pull, three or four mile heats, with his famous colt *Philo C. Bush*; and as you are fond of sport, you must invite the owners of *Extio* to make a pass at him. It may be, if the time and place suits, that the spirited Kentuckian might plank up a little of the stuff; and in the event that the sum be too little for the wealthy Louisianian, I have no doubt the friends of Philo C. Bush would squeeze out a few more thousands rather than lose the race.

Now if the owners of *Extio* would like to go the rub for a few dollars, all they have to do is to make the banter in the *Spirit of the Times*, and I'll shave my head if they don't get a call for it. *Philo C. Bush* is a sorrel, about fifteen hands high, and was sired by Woodpecker; he is three years old this Spring. J. H.

Carroll Co., Ky., April 17, 1838.

Col. W. BUTLER, of Carrollton, has sold his mare *Ellen Ross* to PHILIP SENOURS. She is five years old this Spring, and sold for seven hundred dollars.—We may now expect her on the turf.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM KENTUCKY.

Extracts from a letter to the Editor, dated LEXINGTON, April 19, 1838.

I named a colt "*Tom Porter*," after your honorable self—he is the full brother to *Fanny Wright*. From some remarks made in your paper since, I see you have another namesake, if I am not mistaken; therefore please change its name to "*Abram Hunt*," a *most clever fellow*, and particular friend, whom you know.

Bertrand's death is a great loss—irreparable among native stallions—he died of the botts. I wrote you an account of his death, but as I understood another had anticipated me, mine was laid aside. I will have a colt by him in a few days from *Marcella*, (Fanny Wright's dam.)

John Bascombe's pedigree is well known in our State, where his grandam was raised; the Mr. HARRIS referred to in Col. CROWELL'S letter is now alive—is the son-in-law of DANIEL HUNT, of New Jersey, and a more honorable man does not live. I have frequently conversed with him on the matter, and know well the gentleman who carried the mare South. We have some of the stock here now; one horse, *Tiger*, comes from the same fountain.

Ever yours, most respectfully, R. P.

SALISBURY RACE COURSE REVIVED.

SALISBURY, (N. C.) April 16, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—I perceive that you are in the habit of noticing most of the races to come throughout the United States. If you please, you can include ours, which are to come off on 30th May, and the three succeeding days. [The *advertisement* subjoined in the MS. is omitted.]

Ours is one of the oldest and best tracks in the Southern country, but, until lately, had fallen into disuse. We have renewed it under favorable auspices. In consequence of the expenses, we have been obliged to withhold a considerable sum from the purses, that will hereafter belong to them. If we can be encouraged from a distance, we mean to have our track well turfed, and then it will be equal to the currah of Kildare. Here would be a fine *debateable ground* for Virginia and South Carolina, Georgia and Maryland, New Jersey and New York vs. Tennessee and Alabama, and the Lower Mississippi vs. the World and old Virginny. We mean to make our place deserving attention, and we hope you will give us your aid in calling attention to it. Very respectfully yours.

Note by the Editor.—Perfectly willing to give you a lift, gentlemen, but cannot afford to publish your advertisement gratis, "any way you can fix it."

Extract from a letter to the Editor dated

HAMILTON PLACE, (Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.) April 7, 1838.

Nothing particularly new in our sporting circles; the betting between *Picton* and *Sarah Bladen* still goes on, I think with increased vigor; it will be the most spirited betting race that has ever been seen in the Western country: old men and young, "gals and boys," are all "taking a turn at it."

Glencoe's colts are uncommonly fine and large; I have one, a filly, out of the full sister to *Jim Polk*, that is thought by judges "to be a kick above anything in all these parts." For this filly I bespeak the name of "*Glenartney.*"

Yours respectfully, LUCIUS J. POLK.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, dated YORK, Illinois, April 17, 1838.

I am extremely anxious to obtain the pedigree of a *Gray Horse* that was bred on Long Island, foaled about the year 1815, and sold at four years old to Major GROSVENOR, then of the U. S. Army. The Major rode the horse to the Wabash Country in 1819 or 1820, and the horse then served a fine Diomed mare, the produce, a mare now owned by me, which has brought some of the finest stock in this section of country. Perhaps some of your subscribers on Long Island, can furnish the information desired.

I am, very respectfully, yours, &c. J. B. RICHARDSON.

Toronto (U. C.) Cricket Club.—At the Annual General meeting, held, according to the regulations of the Club, on Monday, April 9th, the following elections were made:—Hon. W. H. DRAPER, President; J. G. SPRAGGE and F. W. BARRON, Esqrs., Vice Presidents; Mr. G. N. BARBER, Secretary; Messrs. THOMAS STREET (Treasurer), HARRINGTON, WM. SPRAGGE, MADDOCK, J. M. STRACHAN, W. H. BOULTON, and LORING, Managing Committee.

The following endorsement we find on a letter from a New Jersey turfman, which we take to be his "last:"—

Horrible.—A brace of Delaware raftmen, who were "laying off," with about six feet four inches each, extended upon a couple of Aunt Peggy's benches, were heard thus to discourse:—

"I say, Josh, it's been an almighty rain; do you know if the river's raisin'?"—"I vow I don't; but I guess I shan't go to *see*."—"Why, Josh, you ha'nt got to go to *sea* when you go to the *River Raisin!*"

It is suspected this fellow swallowed a copy of Morse's Geography,—Dr. "Pete" was immediately sent for.

THEATRICALS IN MISSISSIPPI.

VICKSBURG (Miss.) April 10, 1838.

Friend Porter—For the sake of the drama, I wish theatricals were as flourishing in Gotham as they are in Vicksburg. THORNE is on the eve of closing his season after a succession of really brilliant business. Miss TREE has just concluded a surpassingly successful engagement of five nights—and "*one more by request*," and has been succeeded by Miss DEBAR, who takes her benefit to-night, and gives place to Mrs. MAEDER and JEMMY TWITCHER SEFTON. J. R. SCOTT was here a short time since, as also Miss CLIFTON: they are now expected here in the course of a week or so to play an engagement together, and so astonish the natives. You see there is no want of stars in this theatrical firmament. *James Crow Rice* passed through here a week ago Sunday, intending to "jump Jim Crow;" but not exactly agreeing with the management as to the terms, he "wheeled about," and went up to St. Louis *scott-free*—a "rose without a *Thorne*." Some of the stock company of this theatre merit notice, and no trifling degree of consideration. Mr. and Miss MASON and the two managers are too well known to render remark necessary, and one other member of the company should attract still more notice, if talent always met its desert. Here, truly, as also at Cincinnati, he is as great a favorite as he could desire. I refer to CHARLES HOWARD, late a prominent member of VESTRIS'S company, since leading comedian of the National, New-York, and now holding the same situation here. THORNE looks upon him as the "jewel of his coronet;" and I assure you that I saw him play Benedict, Duke Aranza, and Romeo, in a manner not to be easily surpassed by any body *now* on the American boards. Miss MORTON, WATSON and FITZ-HARRIS, too, in their respective lines are creditable performers, and by no means to be sneezed at.

I "just popped in" at Natchez, on my way hither, and saw Miss Tree play there a couple of nights, *supported* by a company bad enough to choke *any body*. Natchez, however, has not heretofore patronized the drama in such a manner as to justify any one in engaging a good company; but the way they turned out to see Miss Tree was a caution to Mississippi money. Such houses were never seen before in Natchez; it gave them quite a start, and they are getting up subscriptions for a new theatre there on the high pressure principle; and if I don't bring this letter to a full stop shortly the theatre will be finished before I get through.

Scott and Thorne have taken the present *h*edifice for the next season.

I remain, dear sir, yours as ever, most truly, G.

P.S. Miss Tree has gone to St. Louis, and thence proceeds to Cincinnati.—Thorne intends to open this week with her.

DANGEROUS RIVALS.—There is a good anecdote told of a young English actor, who volunteered to *read* an Irish character which *Paddy* Power, the *Welshman*, had been announced for, but was unable to play on account of sudden illness. His substitute, who was to *read* the part, had an ambition above his estimated rank, as an actor, and studied so closely, and learned it so well, that he took the audience by surprise, and achieved a popularity which threw Power into the back ground, and opposed to him a formidable rival, who is making a fortune by performing the same round of Irish characters as the Welshman. A similar incident has just occurred at the Opera at Leghorn. The theatre opened for the season with the Norma of Bellina. The principal tenor of the company having fallen suddenly and seriously ill, and the manager not being able to supply his place, was obliged to close the house. This circumstance was considered a serious affliction to the inhabitants, at the commencement of the carnival too, and an amateur undertook to learn the part in three days. As a forlorn hope, the proposal was accepted, and at the time appointed, Signor Guiseppe Sardini, the amateur alluded to, made a most brilliant debut in Norma, and has since sung in La Sonnambula with the same success. Guiseppe Sardini, who a month previously could not get an engagement as a common chorus singer, is now considered to be one of the first vocalists in Italy, and the Directors are out-bidding each other in offering him terms of engagement at the principal theatres of Italy.

HORRIBLE MISTAKE.—A French paper relates the following *unique* transaction. Two farmers, of the commune of la Ferte Fresuil, while making a bargain at a public house, for the sale of a pig, were overheard by two bad characters in the neighbourhood. The salesman received the money for the pig, and undertook to deliver it on the Wednesday following; but after he had quitted the house, a new arrangement took place between the parties for the pig to be delivered on the Tuesday morning. On the seller returnig home, he was requested by a man, leading a bear, to give him a night's lodging. With this request the farmer compassionately complied, telling the bear-leader he might use the vacant pig-sty for accommodation of his savage charge. The bear was installed in the pig's place, and his master having fed and made him up for the night, retired to the farmer's cottage, where he was invited to sit near the fire, admitted to the table, and provided with a bed. The night passed on; but it would appear that two of the persons who had been drinking at the same table with the farmers when the terms of the bargain were agreed upon, and who were under the impression that the pig was to be sent on the Wednesday, had determined to steal the animal before it was so removed. Accordingly they repaired to the farm at night, and one of them crept into the sty whilst the other remained on the outside of the hedge. What passed between the ill-fated intruder and the ferocious animal, was kcown only by the pools of blood, broken bones, and fragments of flesh which were found strewed upon the floor the following morning. The other robber, feeling uneasy at not receiving the agreed signal, called to his comrade, but all was silent. He then determined to penetrate into the sty, but had advanced but half his body, when the ferocious beast threw himself upon him with great fury. The unfortunate man succeeded, with an effort, in saving himself from the rage of his enemy. He was so weakened, however, by the loss of blood, that he was unable to fly, and he fell in the garden, where he was found by the people of the farm. He died the next day in the greatest fortune.

"Did not Macready surprise you in *Lear?*" asked Talfourd of Planche. "He did indeed," rejoined the little dramatist—"I really thought him *mad* from beginning to end." The corporal thought the inuendo a libel.

Knocking Down.—An auctioneer in the West of England has just outstripped the most inventive of his London brethren in the art of puffing, by announcing in an Exeter paper that he has so much business, that he has recently worn out two hammers, and is now on the second end of the third!

Miss B———, one of the American ladies at Mons. W———'s has resided four years in Italy. Among other anecdotes, of which she has an entertainmg and extensive fund at command, she was telling us one, illustrating the reputation of our "great republic" with the common people of Europe. Near the Hotel de Secherons, on the banks of the lake, one mile from Geneva, she met a small boy at the gate of a cottage, and amused herself by a little talk with him. He seemed much surprised on learning the two facts, that she was an American lady, and that she boarded at the Secherons, "where they paid more money for one dinner than he ever had in his life."

"Did you ever hear of America?"

"Oh yes, father told me all about it. There was a famous Frenchman, Monsieur Lafayette, went there once, and conquered the country."

"Indeed! well, what did he do then?"

"Why, they wanted him to become a king, but he would'nt."

"Why not?"

"Because," said the boy, hesitating, lest he should give offence. "Because the Americans are so poor!"

And thus he marvelled that one of them should be rich enough to patronize the Hotel de Secherons.

Kean's name was the "open sesame" at all the houses near the theatres; and ere Reeve came upon the stage he was apt to indulge much in the "little hours." He and his friends, lads of his own age, could not have got admission, but he knew the secret, and acted accordingly. After giving a mistic knock, he applied his mouth to the keyhole, and, with an exactitude of imitation that defied detection, exclaimed—"'Tis I—Kean—Edmund Kean!" In an instant the door was opened in glided John, saying, with an easy assurance, "Ned's just gone around the corner—back in a moment." At one time Reeve had a servant boy who certainly did not attend to his toilet as carefully as he might. John was too late; a friend was on the fret beside him, and he was vainly attempting to shave himself with a razor which bore some resemblance to a *young saw*. It might have been expected that a man of his quick temperament would have flown into a furious passion. Not so; he turned coolly round, and said, in a tone of expostulation, "Dick, don't open any *more* oysters with my razors."

The Marquis of Waterford, accompanied by his brother, Lord John Beresford, arrived at Waterford on Thursday morning from Bristol, and proceeded to Curraghmore. Many of the curious went to see the noble lord, who has not been in this city since his nearly fatal trip to Bergen. His lordship looks in good health, and does not at all look the worse of the northern "morning star," which, we apprehend, will be long associated with his name.

An action has been brought in Ireland for a breach of promise of marriage, and we can hardly credit the evidence given. The parties had undergone a courtship of eighteen years! Surely the Irishman who was so long about making up his mind in an affair of love ought to be rejected at once by

"The first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea!

But the amount of damages given attracts attention, as the jury have allotted just a pound for each year of the lady's disappointment. We can only imagine that a courtship of eighteen years must have been suggested by a Malthus or a Marineau.

HUNTING PARK, PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Sweepstakes and Purses are to come off over the above Course on the 3d Tuesday, 15th May next:—

First Day, at 12 o'clock—Purse $100, free for horses that have never won a purse over that amount. Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 4 year old colts, sub. $50, with $50 added; Mile heats, under the Saddle; to close 10th May; 3 or more to make a race.

Second Day, at 12 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 5 year olds, sub. $50, $50 added; Mile heats, under the Saddle; to close 10th May; 3 or more to make a race.

Third Day, at 12 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all; Two mile heats in Harness.

Same Day—Purse $100, free for all, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

On the 14th May there is to come off a Sweepstakes, for $700, Two mile heats, in Harness. (This stake is closed.)

The Match for $10,000, between *E. Forrest* and *D. Tompkins*, Three mile heats, takes place the 21st May. JAMES BROWN, *Proprietor.*

N. B.—In the two Sweepstakes, as advertised to close 10th May, in case they should not fill, the Proprietor will give the $50 as a regular purse. All purses to be governed by the old rules of the Course. [a28] J. B.

METAIRIE RACE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, will take place on the 2d Wednesday 12th December, 1838.

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$500
Same day—Two mile heats	750
Second day—Three mile heats	1200
Third day—Four mile heats	2000
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	700
Fifth day—Three mile heats, Proprietor's Purse	1000

The Nashville Rail Road, New Orleans Canal, the splendid shell road on the bank of the same (the finest carriage road in the Union), together with the Metairie Road, give more numerous and delightful means of approach to this, than any other.

JAMES S GARRISON, RICHARD ADAMS, THOMAS J. WELLS, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, April 15, 1838. [a28] S. M. READ, *Sec'y of the M. J. C.*

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE (Va.) SPRING RACES,

WILL commence on Thursday, the last day of May next, and continue three days, when the following prizes will be run for:—

1st. A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, for 3 year olds, to which there are 12 subs. of $100 each, h. ft. Closed.

2d. Same distance and age, and same entry. To close 1st April; 3 or more to make a race.

3d. Same age and distance; sub. $50, ft. $30; confined to Culpeper and the adjoining counties.

4th. A Stake for 4 year old colts raised in Culpeper, and some adjoining counties, One mile and repeat, sub. 50 bushels of wheat, paid this Fall, in some merchant mill, in the month of October next. Three or more to make a race.

5th. Proprietor's Purse $100, with the gate money of that day added, ent. $10; Two mile heats. [a7] WM. DUVAL.

FREEHOLD (N. J.) RACES.

A SPRING MEETING will be held over the Freehold Course, Monmouth Co., N. J. commencing on the 2d Tuesday, 8th of May next, (the week between the meetings on the Union and Beacon Courses), and continue three days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100 each, $25 ft Mile heats.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $50, ft. $25, Mile heats.

Third Day—Purse $100, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Same Day—To add to the attraction of the meeting on the afternoon of this day, Fifty Bushels of Oats will be given as a purse for *Trotting Horses*, Mile heats; three or more to make a race.

The Sweepstakes will close on the 25th of April. Nominations to be addressed to Freehold, Monmouth Co., N. J., March 31, 1838.—[a14] B. HENDRICKSON.

LOUISVILLE J. C. RACES POSTPONED.

THE Proprietor of the Oakland Course has determined to postpone the Spring meeting with a view to avoid interfering with the Lexington Jockey Club meeting. The Louisville races are now fixed for Tuesday, the 5th day of June. This arrangement gives a prospect of a stable of horses from New Orleans, and another from Tennessee.

Y. N. OLIVER.

☞ The Lexington Observer and Nashville Banner will publish the above weekly, until the races, and alter, and continue the former advertisement accordingly.

CARRIAGE HORSES WANTED.

A VERY LIBERAL PRICE will be paid at This Office for a splendid pair of Carriage Horses. Handsome bays, with long tails, about 15¼ hands high, would be preferred; they must have superior action, and be well broke. Apply immediately to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high,) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoome's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt.

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt, and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, No. 2, P 96.

The Duroc mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Applicat on to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.

[a14] A. ASHBURNER.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Veterinary Surgeon, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has lowered his price of keeping the horses that are committed to his charge, with every convenience for a thorough remedy of the different diseases incidental to that noble animal. He flatters himself that a continuance of that very liberal support which he has so long received, will not be diminished.

His residence is at the sign of the Golden Horse, 328 Broome street, or he may be consulted at his Infirmary, 131 Chrystie-st. [a28-4t.]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country, and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid.

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c. HENRY WELLS, *Principal.*

New York, April, 1838

CAMDEN & PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1838 will commence the Fourth Tuesday, 22d May, and continue four days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, snb. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. Closed with 14 subs., viz:—

J. M. Selden names ch. f. by Sussex, out of the dam of Ann Page.
O. P. Hare names gr. f. by Andrew, dam by Oscar.
W Livingston names b. c. *Job*, by Eclipse, out of Jemima.
" " ch. c. *Nassau*, by Eclipse, out of Medora.
Also,
J. D. Kirby names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange.
Wm. Wynn & J. N. Fletcher name b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla.
R. C. Hemphill names br. f. by Sussex out of Mary Robinson.
W. Gibbons names b. c. *Saracen*, by Am. Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch.
R. F. Stockton names b. f. *Caroline*, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie.
" " ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey.
Also,
J. Hellings names b. f. by Medley, out of Imp. Invalid.
W. R. Johnson names b. c. by Mons Tonson, out of R. Sampson's Sir Charles mare.
" " b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Sally Trent.
Also,
Edm. Townes names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke.

Same Day—Match, $600 a-side, Mile heats, between
Mr. Cochran's b. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Potomac, 3 yrs., and
Mr. Kelly's ch. c. by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Escape, same age.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats,

Same Day—Match, $600 a-side, Mile heats, between
Mr. Kelly's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Escape, 4 yrs., and
Mr. Cochran's ch. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac.

Third Day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four Mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Camden, N. J., April. 19, 1838. [a21] W. N. FRIEND.

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING of 1838 will commence over this course the Second Tuesday, 8th May, and continue four days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Mile heats. Closed 1st March, with the following subs.

1. R. N. Snowden, of Md. names b. c. *Gustavus*, by Sussex, out of Roseville by Rattler.
2. Edm. Townes, of N.C. names ch.c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke.
3. Jas. S. Garrison, of Va., names f. by Ivanhoe, out of Sally Ramsey.
4. James M. Selden, of Md., names ch. f. by Sussex, out of the dam of Red Rat.
5. William Wynn, of Va., names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla.
6. David Toms, of N. J., names b. f. by Medley, out of Imp. Invalid.
7. Nathaniel T. Green, of N. C., names br. f. by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington.

Same Day—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft.; Mile heats; to name and close 20th April.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Closed 1st April with the following subs.:—

1. Dr. George Goodwyn, of Va., names b. f. *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards.
2. Edmund Townes, of N. C., names ch. f. *Eloise*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Mary Wasp by Gohanna.
3. Edward Marshall, of N. Y., names *Betsey Andrew*, by Andrew, out of Farmer's Damsel by Eclipse.
4. Nathaniel T. Green, of N. C., names b. h. *Duane*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington.
5. James B. Kendall, of Md., names b. c. *Belle Peyton*, by Andrew, out of Master Henry's dam, by Eclipse

This race promises to be one of the best and fastest ever run over the Course, each entry having been a winner during the past year, and in first rate time; the betting will be heavy, each having their favorites.

Same Day—Second Race—A Silver Plate valued at $350, Two mile heats, the entrance money depending upon the number of entries; the winner to take Plate or money at his option.

Third Day—Purse $300, ent. $20, free for all ages, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $700, ent. $40, free for all ages, Four mile heats.

☞ The Course is in fine order. Good stables for sixty horses, with litter gratis—with every accommodation for man and horse, and a hearty welcome attending all.

To the Members of the Kendall Jockey Club.

The Proprietor most respectfully requests, that Members will, in future, be more punctual in the payment of their respective subscriptions. It is much easier for a Member to pay his $10 Spring and Fall, than for the Proprietor to have to advance large sums out of his own pocket, for the amusement of the spectators, and depend upon collections from his Jockey Club list, which, in many cases, amount to nothing more than the bare signatures, and in some cases, not even recognized by the writers themselves. He requests that those who never intend to pay, and wish their subscription discontinued, will signify the same by letter, that their names may be stricken from the Members' List.

A Meeting of the Club will take place at the Course, on Monday, 7th May, at 4 o'clock, P.M., for the purpose of electing a President and two Vice Presidents, and other business of importance to the Club.

☞ The Members of the Kendall Jockey Club, *residents of Philadelphia*, and the Citizens who are amateurs in such sport, may, by way of Rail Road, leave Philadelphia on the morning of each day's race, and arrive at the Rail Road Depot, adjacent to the Course, one hour prior to the time of starting.

☞ The Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped Spring 1837, to run Spring 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300, ft. $100, has now thirteen subscribers, and several more promised,—it will close on the 1st of June next. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stake, will please address the Proprietor at Baltimore.

Baltimore, Md., April 10, 1838. [a21] JAMES B. KENDALL *Proprietor.*

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Maryland Jockey Club Races, over the Central Course, will commence on the 3d Tuesday in May (15th), and continue four days.

First Day—The annual stakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. Closed 1st July, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Dorsey names ——.
2. Richard Adams names ch. c. by Timoleon, out of Iris by Sir William.
3. Allen J. Davie names ——.
4. James Long names br. c. by Industry, out of Jemima Wilkinson.
5. John Heth names ——.
6. H. G. S. Key names ——.
7. James C. Gittings names b. f. by Sussex, out of the dam of Red Rat.
8. Jas. M. Selden names br. c. brother to Miss Philips.
9. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Sally Trent.
10. James P. Corbin names ——.
11. T. R. S. Boyce & G. Cooke name ——.
12. C. Irvine names ——.
13. Geo. L. Stockett names br. c. Sam Brown, by Sussex, out of the dam of Cippus.
14. Thos. D. Watson names ch. f. Ann Berkett, by Contention, out of Betsey Graves by Sir William.

Same Day, second race—A Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $100, ft. $50, Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 20th April.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $500, ft. $200, Mile heats. Closed 1st Jan. Ten subs.

1. T. E. Gittings names —— by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson.
2. Jas. M. Selden names ch. f. by Sussex, out of the dam of Ann Page.
3. Wm. Wynn names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Flirtilla.
4. Geo. L. Stockett names b. c. by Sussex, dam by Rattler.
5. James S. Garrison names br. f. by Ivanhoe, dam by Gabriella.
6. Wm. R. Johnson names —— by Sussex, out of the dam of Sparrowhawk.
7. French & Goodwyn name b. f. by Sarpedon, out of Rasselas.
8. John Heth & Wm. Saunders name b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Sir Archy.
9. John M. Botts names b. f. by Gohanna, out of Mischief.
10. Isham Puckett names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Eclipse.

Same Day—The Craig Plate, or $500, at the option of the winner; amount of entrance depending on the number of subs.

Third Day—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Stakes open for Fall, 1838—$1000, ft. $250; $500, ft. $200; and $350, ft. $100. To close 1st May, 1838.

The Proprietor has employed Mr. Julius C. Waddle, (late of Taylor's hotel, Winchester, Va.) to take charge of the house at the Central Course, where he will be prepared, after the 1st of April, to give entertainment to visitors who may favor him with their company. The situation is a delightful one for the summer season

[m10-2t—my5-2t.] JAMES M. SELDEN, *Proprietor & Treasurer.*

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub. $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..... $500
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats..... 700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..... 1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 300
} Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.
[apl21] F. K. W.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS splendid racer and approved Stallion will make his present season in the vicinity of Lancaster, Pa. Charles Kemble was got by Sir Archy, out of Pilot's dam, by Gallatin—thus combining the most fashionable strains of blood in the country. Last year he proved a very sure foal getter, and his colts exhibit great promise. The dam of *Trifle* and *Malinda* are both in foal to him—the very strongest evidence of the estimation in which he is held by distinguished breeders. [a7-6t.]

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, fo horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

GREENSBOROUGH (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE Spring Races over the Henry Course, will take place on the Second Tuesday of May next, when the following purses will be run for.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close by 1st May next.

W. A. Verell, | A. Webster,
J. R. Blocker, | H. A. Tayloe.

Same Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

Miles A. Bott, | H. A. Tayloe.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fifth Day—Post stake for 4 year old colts and fillies, sub. $500, P.P., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. Now one sub.
Same Day—Post stake for all ages, weight for age, sub. $200, P.P., Two mile heats.

The following Stakes are to be run Fall of 1838:—

Post-stake to be run over the Henry Course on the last day of the Fall meeting, 1838, for 4 year old colts and fillies, sub. $1000, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Four or more to make a race.

Henry A. Tayloe. | John R. Head.

Sweepstake to be run over the Henry Course on the first day of the Fall meeting, 1838, for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Three or more to make a race.

Greensborough, Feb. 27, 1838. TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors.*

CRAB ORCHARD (Ky.) RACES.

THE Races over the Spring Hill Course will commence on Thursday, 7th June, and continue three days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $50, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 20 subs, viz:—

1. R. M. Davis names produce of a Hamiltonian mare and Frank.
2. Joel Emory names produce of Rickety (by Archy) and Columbus.
3. S. Davenport names produce of Polly Nailor and Trumpator.
4. Also, " " a Whip mare and Frank.
5. Wm. Farris names produce of Blaze (dam of Reform) and Medoc.
6. C. H. Talbot names produce of Harriet and Trumpator.
7. Wm. Moberly names produce of a Stockholder mare and Archie of Transport.
8. Thos. M. Kennedy names produce of Lady Graystock and Collier.
9. Wm. Stapp names produce of a Bertrand mare and Archie of Transport.
10. John Haddock names produce of a Virginius mare and Waxey.
11. Sidney Kerley names produce of a Pacolet mare and Collier.
12. Davis Thompson names produce of a mare by Imp. Whip, and Columbus.
13. Wm. Bridges names produce of Old Pet mare and Crawford.
14. Wyatt Huffman names produce of a Diomed mare and Columbus.
15. H. W. Farris names produce of a Whip mare and Collier.
16. B. R. Jenkins names produce of a William mare and Medoc.
17. James L. Baadley names produce of a Hamiltonian mare and Dungannon.
18. James Shy names produce of Lady Jackson and Collier.
19. A. G. Huffman names produce of Melvina and Archie of Transport.
20. J. W. Tisdale names produce of a Kosciusko mare and Frank.

Second Day—Poststake free for all ages, sub. $50, with a Silver Pitcher, value $100, added by the Citizens; Two mile heats. To close the evening preceding the race.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $25, with the gate money of that day added; Mile heats.

HENRY W. FARRIS, *Proprietor.*

Crab Orchard, Ky., March 17, 1838. [m31-6t]

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE above Races, over the *Oakland Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, having been postponed from the 15th of May, to avoid conflicting with those at Lexington.

First Day—The Breeders' Plate, given by the Proprietor, for 3 year olds that never started in a public race, value $100—Mile heats. To this race no subscription is required—it is intended to be given annually to the breeders. The entries must be named the same as if it was a sweepstakes, by the 1st day of May.

Same Day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st May next. Now 3 subs.

Second Day—The Oakland Plate, consisting of a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, for all ages, Two mile heats; the winner to take the plate or money at his option.

Third Day—Proprietor's Purse $500, ent. $50, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $100, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $250, ent. $25, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The subscriber having recently purchased the *Oakland Race Course*, with the intention of fitting it up in a style inferior to none in America, and having the patronage of a Jockey Club, with rules and regulations, the same as other fashionable courses, new appeals to this City and the State, to determine whether or not they will have a respectable Racing Establishment at a point, of all others, the most eligible for the Kentucky Breeders.

The large amount of money that they now have vested in this sort of property, makes it all important that there should be some ground selected where they can have a good course and larger purses than have heretofore been offered. The South are, and will continue to be our purchasers. This is the place of all others to establish the character of our race horses, and one that is to derive more advantages from a well conducted establishment, than any other. The immense importance to this city in bringing together, twice a year, a large concourse of strangers, thereby causing an expenditure of money amongst us that we otherwise would not have, must be obvious to every one. To the breeder it offers an inducement to improve his stock, because in concentrating here in the Spring and Fall, a great many strangers from other States, it will insure a certain market, at high prices, for their horses.

The track will immediately be altered and improved, with a training course in the inside. The stands will be removed, enlarged, and placed in a position so as to afford the most entire view of the race to several thousand persons.

The Oakland House will be added to, and put on a footing with the best hotels in the country. Every thing shall be done to make this course worthy of Kentucky; and it is now left to her citizens to make it, by their patronage, the first establishment of the sort in the Union.

The Spring Races, from the number of horses in training, and the promise of every stable in the State to attend, will be of great interest.

Louisville, Ky., March 14, 1838. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

At the Fall meeting, to take place in October next, there are four large Sweepstakes, besides purses, for Four mile heats, $1200—Three mile heats, $600—Two mile heats, Plate, value $500—liberal purses for Mile heats, and Mile heats, best 3 in 5. [a7-tf.]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

SALLY HOPKINS, bay mare, 15 hands high, lengthy and good looking; 14 years old this Spring, and is now stinted to Hedgeford. Got by Kosciusko (sire of Clara Fisher), dam by Imp. Bedford, grandam the celebrated Desdemona; she by Imp. Dare Devil, out of Lady Bolingbroke. For pedigree and performances of which see Turf Register. Price $500.

MEDORA, out of the above, by Crusader, stinted to Humphrey Clinker, by Bertrand, 5 years old, 15 hands and upwards high, not handsome, and was slightly injured in her foaling last Spring, but warranted a breeder, and now in foal. Price $600.

Both the above are now with Imp. Tranby, near Lexington, Ky.

Apply to the Editor, or to Hon. JOHN WHITE, Richmond, Ky. [a7-eow3t.]

THE IMPORTED HORSE PHILIP.

AFTER a passage of nearly one hundred days from Liverpool, has been landed safely at Nashville.

Philip is a rich brown, of great strength and high finish, full 16 hands high. He continued on the Turf till 9 years old, and won 23 races, mostly long distances and heats, and ran 9 times second. His eye is clear and expressive—his ear of medium length and well pointed, and his head small, bony, and blood-like; his neck gracefully arched; withers and hips right; good barrel of sufficient length, and his legs clean, neat, and free from splint, puff, or wind, and his muscles throughout well defined. He will make his first season at Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

Tennessee heretofore had a good variety of native and imported horses, but we wanted a descendant of Haphazard and Filho da Puta—we have it in our power to tender to the public that descendant, Philip, got by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus (also the dam of Palatine, Arachne, winner 28 times. Fanny Davies, Leda, Vanish, a winner about 30 times, John, and Christiana); her dam by Hyacinthus, out of Flora (the dam of Trim, Zara, Jock, St. Dennis, and Echo,) by King Fergus—Atalanta by Matchem (the dam of Faith, Pacolet, Harold, Fox, Rosalind, Yarico, and Bradamante)—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoka, her dam by Old Traveller, (sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill)—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock (dam of Lampton and Miss Doe)—Croft's Bay Barb (grandam of the Ancaster Starling)—Makeless (Desdemona's dam)—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton Barb mare.

Filho, by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy.
Haphazard, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Hervey by Eclipse.
Camillus, by Hamiltonian, out of Faith by Pacolet.
Hyacinthus, by Coriander, out of Rosalind by Phenomenon.

Surely it is needless to say a word of Old Matchem, or to hint to a judicious breeder, that from the invincible Eclipse, the two best lines of descent are through King Fergus, Hamiltonian, Blacklock, and Camillus, &c., and Pot-8-o's, Waxy, and Coriander, &c, and if we would ascend to the renowned King Herod, where would we rather go, than through Filho da Puta, Haphazard, Sir Peter Teazle, and Highflyer.

Nashville, Tenn., March 7, 1838. [m31] THOS. A. PANKEY & CO.

ECLIPSE.

IT is with pleasure I can inform my friends that AMERICAN ECLIPSE is in fine health and condition, and will stand the ensuing season at my stable, in Woodford County, Kentucky, at one hundred dollars. The season will commence on the 10th day of the present month, and end on the first day of July next. I have safe and extensive pastures, and separate lots for mares from a distance to foal in, gratis, and to be fed with grain on reasonable terms. Great care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility will be under taken should any happen.

Those who may wish to breed to Eclipse will do well to make early engagements, as he is limited to sixty mares; and, in all probability, this will be his last season in this State.

Servants sent with mares boarded gratis. E. M. BLACKBURN.

Kentucky, Feb. 1, 1838. [F17—tf.]

SHARK.

THIS celebrated race horse and stallion, by American Eclipse, his dam the unrivalled and noted race mare Old Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy, whose colts (and not a large number) have sold for nearly $50 000, will make his season this Spring at Charlotte Court-House, Virginia, at $60 and $100 under the management of Col. THOMAS P. RICHARDSON and Maj. R. I. GAINES. If Shark is not encouraged as a stock horse, it is time to desert the genuine *breed* of the Old Dominion. He sold not long since for $15.000 cash. He is now at his stand, in fine health, ready for business—has proven himself a sure and good foal getter, five feet three inches high, remarkably handsome. His color is coal-black. Particulars hereafter. [mar. 3-tf.]

FRANCIS MARION,

WINNER of the great Sweepstake and Post-stake, Three and Four mile heats, at Tallahassee, will stand at Marianna, the present season, which has already commenced, at $50, payable on the 1st December next. All thorough bred mares, at this time owned in the Territory, will be served gratis. Francis Marion was sired by Marion; his dam was Malvina, by Old Sir Archy. For further particulars of performance and pedigree, see hand-bills, Spirit of the Times, and American Turf Register. [m40-3m] J. J. PITTMAN.

HICKORY JOHN.

THIS celebrated Racer and Thorough-bred Horse has left this place for his stand at La Grange, Troup Co., Ga., where he will remain for the Spring season only, under our charge, as he will make his appearance on the Turf again this fall, when he will have had time to recover from an injury sustained in one of his feet, when on his way hence to Columbia. His terms will be $60 the season, payable within the season; $100 insurance, payable as usual, and $1 to the groom. As a racer, it is not known that he has any superior—in point of breeding he has but few equals—he traces through the most fashionable and approved crosses to the old Cub mare, the ancestress of Bascombe, and a host of others highly distinguished on the Turf and in the Stud. His color is a rich chesnut, and his form unites beauty and strength to a degree. His pedigree and performances will be published at length in hand bills.

Mares that may be sent to him will be taken care of at the usual rates and terms.

La Grange, Troup Co., Ga. [F24-tf.] HERRING & JETER.

PENNOYER

WILL STAND this season at Augusta, Ga., at $50. He is out of the celebrated race mare Ariel, and got by Henry; for further particulars as to sire and dam see Turf Register. He is 4 years old this Spring, a dark bay, 15½ hands high, well proportioned, and very handsome. The reason of his not figuring on the turf is, that he received, when a two year old, a severe kick on his right fore leg, which caused a large knee; his owner has taken every pains to remove it, but has not succeeded, so has to stand him.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1838. [J20-tf. JOHN MORRISON.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 2½ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1834—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:09. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats, he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SKYLARK,

WINNER OF FORTY TWO RACES, 24 of them King's Plates!—This unequalled four mile performer will stand the ensuing season at the stables of the subscriber, 2 miles from Nashville, at $100, payable on the 1st day of Jan. next, which may be discharged by the payment of $85 within the season, and $1 to the groom; insurance $125. The season will commence on the 1st Feb. and end on the 1st July next.

The Memoir of Skylark is published in the 8th volume of the Am. Turf Register, page 145, therefore only a few of the prominent facts will be given

He is a dark bay, with a strong rich coat; black legs, main and tail, without white; 15 hands 3 inches high; a full carcass, with broad and expanded ribs; limbs clean, hard and uninjured; a large hazel eye, clean head and muzzle; throttle, nostrils, and mouth, all indicating an easy breather;—the mouth is unusual for its depth. Indeed he is excellent in all the cardinal racing points. When we examine the size of his back bone, the extent and declivity of his Archie-like shoulder-blades, approximating the strongest framed hip-bones, our wonder at his ability to carry such high weights is diminished He has descended from an ancestry, in every line and branch, celebrated for speed and game; his multiplied and brilliant performances are confirmations of the purity of descent, and the truth of the adage that "blood will tell," or that blood will find its level according to its purity.

Skylark, bred by Mr. Daxon, and foaled in 1826, was got by Waxy Pope, sometimes called Sligo Pope, winner of the Derby; his dam Skylark, (dam also of Giles, a capital four mile horse,) was got by Musician, out of a sister to Porouette by Young Eagle—Parisot by Sir Peter,—her dam Deceit, sister to the yellow mare by Tandem, Perdita, by Herod—Fair Forester by Sloe—Forester—Partner—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Son of Dodsworth—Barton Barb Mare.

Waxy Pope, so called from being the son of Waxy, was out of the famous old Prunella, that was also the dam of Penelope, (the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, &c.), Parasol, Pelisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pledge, Pope Joan, Piquet, and Prudence—all distinguished.

Musician was got by Worthy, out of Woodbine, (dam also of Music and Minuett, both winners of the Oaks,) by Woodpecker—Puzzle by Matchem—Princess by Herod—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, &c.

Young Eagle, own brother to Eagle and Spread Eagle, was got by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer, &c.

Worthy was got by Pot-8 o's, out of Maria by Herod, grandam Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian.

If Amateurs and Breeders are to be controlled by performances, then Skylark occupies an enviable eminence; his performances have never been equalled on any turf—he won more King's Plates, and 3 and 4 mile races, than any horse that ever run: in a majority of the races with heavier weights than his competitors, and the betting was often 6, 10, and sometimes 15 to 1 Skylark against the field!

He beat many horses of the highest renown at all distances; among them Lady Elizabeth had twice to yield to his superior prowess, and she ran 4 miles at 5 years old, with 137lbs., in 7:45.

It has been said of him, that "those who have never seen him run, can form but a faint idea of his capabilities, and as a proof of the high estimation in which he stood with Turfmen, he was handicapped to carry 15st. (210lbs.) for the Corinthian Stakes."

So pre-eminently successful was he, at long distances and heavy weights, (often giving great odds,) that he was frequently permitted to walk over, and "the alterations in the King's Plates have been attributed to his unparalleled performances." At the age of nine years, his challenge to run with any horse, 4 miles, carrying 140lbs., not being accepted, he was withdrawn from the turf, as free from blemish or injury as when he first started.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1838. [J27] L. P. CHEATHAM.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. The season to commence on the 1st of February, and continue till the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Feb. 1, 1838. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude by Pipator—Beatrice by Sir Peter, &c &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Selinus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst. Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, at 8st. 4lb., ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D.M., in a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. Two to one on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D.I., 15 subs.; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee.

At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D.I.; 8 subs.; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave, a second time; even betting on Trustee.

At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, in a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee.

At York August meeting, same year, he was beaten by Voluna, for the Great Subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee.

At the same meeting, Trustee was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb. Two miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles 3 subs., beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting; 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D.I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks), Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 9 to 2 agst. Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst. Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, Trustee's sire, had seven winners in the year 1836, on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He had 32 of his get entered for the big things in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, &c., who won 10 prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.* and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton. [F3-tf]

EMANCIPATION.

THIS celebrated English Racer and splendid Stallion will occupy Rowton's Stand, at Col

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*, Fall meeting.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - - - Kendall Course, Annual Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
" " Central Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th May.
CENTREVILLE, L. I. - - Annual Trotting Club meeting, about the middle of May.
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky. - Spring Hill Course, J. C. meeting, 1st Thursday, 7th June.
CULPEPER C. H., Va. - Jockey Club Spring meeting, Thursday, last day of May.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - - Western Course, extra Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
FREDERICKSBURGH, Va. Mulberry Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d May.
FREEHOLD, N. J. - - - A Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
GREENSBOROUGH, Ala. Henry Course, Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
HUNTING PARK, Pa. - Philadelphia County, Trotting Club meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th May.
" " " Match, $5000 a side, 3 mile heats, *Daniel D. Tompkins*, vs. *Edwin Forrest*; 3d Monday, 21st May.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th May.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th June.
LYNCHBURG, Va - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th June.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
NEW YORK CITY. - - - Beacon Course, N. J. First Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th May.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - - Metairie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Monday, 21st May.
" " Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., *Picion* vs. *Sarah Bladen*, 4th Wed. May 23.
NOTTOWAY, Va. - - - - Bellefonte Course, Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 15th May.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - - And Camden, N. J. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d May.
SALISBURY, N. C - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, last Wednesday, 30th May.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
TORONTO, U. C. - - - - Scarlett's Course, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th May.
WARRENTON, N. C. - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

English Sporting Intelligence.

MOVEMENTS AT NEWMARKET.

Newmarket, Friday night.—SIR,—Scott's horses sweated here on Tuesday, with the exception of the Nonplus colt, which looks very light. Tranby, Richard Roe, and Monc Adam look and go well, and are the favorites here. On Wednesday the "crack" sweated, and not only went, but pulled up well. The report of his having gone lame arose from his having thrown a shoe before sweating. Nothing happened to prevent his taking his usual exercise afterwards. The Goldpin colt and Mr. Wilson's Derby colt are in "prime twig." Cowboy, Caravan, Bamboo, and Callisto sweated to-day. Caravan goes in his old form, but I cannot say much about the two three year olds—do not much fancy the filly. Dædalus and Blaise sweated on Monday, and went so well that many of our *cognoscenti* are beginning to talk about the General's winning the Newmarket plate. Corban, Hybiscus, Troilus, and brother to Cactus sweated on Tuesday. Alemdar goes like a "good 'un." Redshank and Dash sweated this morning; the old horse looks as well as ever, but the three year old is not liked—he goes short. Ion and Wave sweated on Tuesday, and Jacob Faithful and Slane to-day. Caligula is a promising colt, and Mr. Bond's, out of Scurvy, looks very likely to make a racer. Dormouse, Bristolian, and Guardsman sweated on Wednesday. The folks here do not fancy the first; Bristolian is *their* nag. Industry, the Bamfylde filly, and Mr. Vansittart's Oaks mare are favorites here—they are nice racing like mares. Lord Stradbroke's horses are coming to a part of Mr. Arnull's stables. John Howe has purchased the colt by Priam, out of Diamentina, of Mr. Rayner. Lord Jersey's two colts for next year are remarkably promising; the Brother to Bay Middleton is, in my humble opinion, even a more splendid colt than his elder brother; he looks more like a three than a two year old. The turf is in superb order: it is like a bowling green. Excuse this rambling letter, which time will not allow me to put into shape. Yours, &c. X. Z.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

THE DERBY.—Two or three changes gave a little interest to betting, which, looking at the amount laid out, and the small number of favorites in request, was quite as dull as might have been expected from the state of the market during the last three or four weeks. Although one or two were fortunate enough to get a little money on at 6 to 1, the general offers against Cobweb did not exceed 11 to 2, several parties appeared anxious to back him—12 to 1 was bet against each of the two succeeding favorites, to £200, Nonplus having a decided call at the finish. Alemdar, Young Rowton, and Cobham, were in request, and 20 to 1 was taken in a good quarter about D'Egville, but no desire was shown to back either Ion or Early Bird. No other changes worth notice.

7 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Cobweb colt (taken).
11 to 1 —— Mr. Armitage's Nonplus colt.
11 to 1 —— Lord G. Bentinck's Grey Momus.
15 to 1 —— Mr. E. Peel's The Early Bird.
15 to 1 —— Mr. Bland's Young Rowton.
15 to 1 —— Lord Exeter's Alemdar (taken).
16 to 1 —— Col. Peel's Ion.
20 to 1 —— Lord G. Bentinck's D'Egville (taken).
22 to 1 —— Mr. H. Coombes' Cobham.
25 to 1 —— Captain Berkeley's Bullion.
30 to 1 —— Sir J. Mill's Volunteer.
35 to 1 —— Lord Westminster's Richard Roe (taken).
550 to 500 on Cobweb, Nonplus, Grey Momus, Tom, Young Rowton, Alemdar, and Cobham, against the field, with the condition that Early Bird was left in the field.

THE RIDDLESWORTH.

10 to 6 on Lord Jersey's Cobweb colt (taken).

BETTING AT MANCHESTER—Friday Noon.—The heavy cloud of winter has at last passed over, and the curtain rises upon all lovely spring. Yes, it has burst forth upon us since the snow-storm of this day week, in a charming manner, exhilarating to all classes, but to none more so than to votaries of the Turf. The delicious joys of the British race-courses will soon be advanced in bud, and be enjoyed by those who glory in, and uphold the character of racing in its "legitimate" form. That the season may be one of a brilliant hue is our wish—and the great events of Epsom and of Doncaster be carried off by those whose ambition it has ever been to

——— "witch the world with noble horsemanship,"

in that straight forward and honorable manner which is best calculated to add fame to the flag of England, and cause it to float still brighter in the eyes of surrounding nations. However, to our "occupation." Imprimis.

THE CHESTER TRADES' PLATE—(May 7.)—Birdlime's friends, both here and in Liverpool, are decidedly "game boys;" they stick very close, and she will be found even a better favorite than last week. On Tuesday morning, 5½ to 1 would have been accepted in several quarters, but the field's-men were not disposed to cry "done," to a fraction beyond 5 to 1. On the previous night, offers were made to back our respected townsman's horse (Whaley) against the mighty son of Cain—the pride and hope of the Hedgeford "knowing ones." The manner in which the latter horse continues to be backed, touches up the pluck of the round betters—they don't seem to know when their opponents purpose crying "hold, enough." 7 to 1, and in some instances half a point less, was snapped on Tuesday. Wentworth was backed on the same day at 10 to 1, and has evidently been restored to more favor than what he has, for the last two or three weeks, enjoyed. Zohrab, at 12½ to 1, was supported for a little money at the opening of the week. Some gentlemen appear to doubt his running, as Weatherby's Calendar of Tuesday last, places him in the Irvine Cup (which will be a £250 prize,) to be run for on the 30th of April, at the Eglinton Park Meeting. He is also matched (no day fixed) at the same meeting, against Sir James Boswell's Cynic (late Claude Lad of Hilton), two miles, for 100 sovs., the gelding carries 13st., and Sir James's 5 year old 12st. 5lb. These previous engagements will, of course, make it ticklish work to touch him for Chester, for which race he looks well on paper; for his weight (8st. 1lb.) and his race for the Waterloo Shield should not be glanced over carelessly. Parolles is still much fancied as one of the "middle rank;" 15 to 1 has been taken by several of Birdlime's friends; Lord Stafford was freely offered agst. at 20 to 1 on Tuesday; but we notice Combat has returned into that favor which was refused him last week. On Monday, 200 to 11 was booked, and on the following day, in a good channel, it would have been taken to 9. A "re-union" may be said to have transpired since the Warwick Meeting, between the old friends of Chit-chat and the horse—several nibbles have occurred at 100 to 3; and Mr. Collet's Conservative has not been without his friends—200 to 6, and the same to 7, have been pencilled down; in some instances 100 to 4. Catherina may be considered a point or two better, as 20 to 1 has, on one or two occasions, been "the ticket." Our quotation would be laid against Rachel; nor does there appear any partiality for Fusileer, Magician, or Sir Thomas Stanley's Violet. Extreme odds would, we guess, be laid against Galewood, were any one disposed to show the fire of "Hotspur" in their veins, and back this long bottled-up 4 yr. old with the "pretty considerable" weight of 9st.

THE DERBY.—What of that? Why you see "The Doings at Newmarket," as touched upon last week in this journal, have caused an additional impetus in supporting him. On Tuesday at noon he was backed for some half dozen "tens" at 6 to 1, the layers having "enough" first. Offers were made to back Grey Momus at 12, or Cobham at 20, but no business; D'Egville was offered against at 200 to 7, takers to 6; Ion was backed on Monday at 100 to 6; and offers made to take 15 to 1 on The Early Bird. Alemdar has followed the London fashion, and has become in high vogue; 200 to 10 was caught at with avidity on Tuesday, and plenty desirous to go on, but 100 to 6 the top offer. On the same morning Monc Adam would have been backed to £50 at 30 to 1, but then there was no one disposed to "do it;" yesterday an influential gentleman would have taken 1,000 to 30 over and over again, but the top bid was 500 to 20. Richard Roe at the same time would have been pencilled down at 30 to 1, but, as in other cases, the hang-fire system predominated. Mr. Bland's colt, about whom there has been so much "chaff" in the walking circles in the south, is no favourite here—20 to 1 is freely offered. A "new order of things" will, we rather guess, present itself upon this race shortly, and some horses now only talked about, come like "good uns," with a rattle. For the Riddlesworth the "great gun" was backed on Tuesday, 2 to 1 being laid upon him—it was afterwards "in town" offered. The London letter of yesterday places him at "16 to 1," this, of course is booked an accidental error.

"Tacking round," as the mariner would say, we find that, on the 23rd of April last year, we offered to the patrons of the "*Sunday Times*" the quarters and trainers of the Chester Cup horses. As such appear, from "viva voce" information," to have been acceptable to those speculators not quite "fly," we have pleasure in attempting to "hit off" the names of the able and respected trainers, &c., of most of the twenty candidates left in, with liberty to come the terrific rush at the turn at the "Castle poll," on the afternoon of the 7th of May, for the Gift of the Trades of the ancient and loyal city. Those with cyphers attached to their names, are not at the present period in the betting, but, perchance, may be before the long-tried and respected clerk of the meeting (Mr. Jackson) gives the important word "go" to an event that each returning year is made a great provincial "booking race," and never fails to attract a large majority of the spirited Lancashire turf gentlemen, together with many patrons of the pastime, from the principality, and, in short, of belles and beaus from all parts, who delight in mingling in the mirth-inciting scenes of an English race-course.

And now, brother sportsmen, to use the language of the Nimrods of the day, we "throw off"

AVERAGE PRICES.		AT HOLYWELL.	TRAINED BY
5	to 1 agst.	Birdlime	John Blinkhorn.
		AT DELAMERE FOREST.	
6½	to 1 agst.	Whaley	J. Billington.
0	to 0 ——	Vesper	Ditto.
10	to 1 ——	Wentworth	J. Fobert.
15	to 1 ——	Parolles	R. Bloss.
20	to 1 ——	Catherina	Wardell.
30	to 1 ——	Rachel	Morris Jones.
		AT HEDGEFORD.	
6½	to 1 agst.	Sylvan	Thos. Warren.
13	to 1 ——	Mersey	Flintoff.
30	to 1 ——	Chit-chat	S. Saundars.
18	to 1 ——	Lord Stafford	Private Trainer.
33	to 1 ——	King Cole	T. Walters.
		AT MIDDLEHAM.	
13	to 1 agst.	Zohrab	Thomas Dawson.
0	to 0 ——	Galewood	
33	to 1 ——	The Potentate	
		DOUBTFUL.	
13	to 1 ——	Magician	Doubtful.
		AT NEWMARKET.	
22	to 1 ——	Combat	W. Beresford.
		AT SEVEN OAKS—(Worcestershire.)	
25	to 1 ——	Conservative	Williams.
		AT HOOTON—(Cheshire.)	
0	to 0 ——	Violet	Thos. Horsley.
		IN IRELAND.	
0	to 0 ——	Fusileer	Private Trainer.

We rather think Magician is at Northleach, trained by Isaac Day, but cannot speak to a certainty. Offers were made at noon to back him at 20 to 1, but only 12½ offered. Birdlime keeps moving upwards; yesterday 25 to 5 was taken—no one appears disposed to lay even that to-day; and, in conclusion, we may write it a "blank morning," notwithstanding the metropolitan business of last evening is on the tables.

DONCASTER RACES.—We are happy to inform the sporting world, that at a meeting of the Town Council of that borough on Tuesday last, the sum of £400 was granted towards the ensuing Races.

The Right Hon. Sir C. E. Grey, M. P. for the borough of Tynemouth, has presented to the Stewards of the Races, to take place at Easter, a piece of plate, to be run for over Tynemouth Sands.

A correspondent informs us that Lord Chesterfield has purchased the Quorn hounds, as well as Mr. Payne's, so that Lord Suffield has obtained a country without a pack to hunt it.

It is reported that Mr. Bland has sold *Young Rowton* to Mr. Payne, and that he will remain under Chifney's care. We cannot speak to the correctness of the rumor.

The dam of Mr. Bower's *Lord Stafford* dropped a filly foal to Langar on the 18th ult. at Mr. Stovin's, Small-heath, where she had been sent to be put to Bran.

Vat (by Langar, out of Wire), the dam of Wedge, foaled a fine colt by Velocipede on the 14th of February last. Vat is now with Frency.

The New Spring Meeting at Epsom, it will be observed, comes off on Wednesday, and for this occasion our old friend Mr. Careless, of the New York Coffee-house, will have the sole possession of the grand stand, to which the price of admission will be reasonable, and an ample store of "the good things of this life" will render the visit pleasant.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. Doncaster's horse *Templar* can be backed to trot 25 miles against any horse in the kingdom, for any sum from £100 to £500; to carry 12 st. each.

The following mares have produced foals at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, during the last few days:—Lady Emmeline a brown colt by The Colonel; Nitocris a ch. c. by Voltaire; and Maid of Lune a ch. f. by Velocipede.

Mr. Hopkinson's Collina (the dam of Napoleon-le-Grand), dropped a filly foal to Contest a few days ago, at Grimston Hill, near this city. This is her ninth foal, and the first filly.

Mr. Cortis, of York, has purchased of Captain Matthew his ch. f. *Vision*, by Vanish, out of Ultima: she will be stinted to some fashionable horse, and will then be exported to Russia.

The Rev. Mr. King's brood mare Lunatic (the dam of Bessy Bedlam, &c.), dropped a chesnut filly foal on Tuesday morning week, by Tomboy, at York, where she had been sent to Muley Moloch.—Bessy Bedlam, by Filho da Puta, has also dropped a bay colt foal to Tomboy at the same stables, and will be put to Muley Moloch.

MAMMOTH HORSE.—Mr. Shain, of Vermilion Co., La., has a horse now exhibiting at Louisville 18½ hands high, 9 feet 8 inches long, and weighing, though not in very good order, 1500 lbs. The English dray horse is, we believe, full as large, and appear to Americans like small elephants.

TROTTING—BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN.

FOR the improvement of ROAD HORSES, a Meeting will be held on the above Course, (opposite the City of New York), during the week of interval between the Races of the Union and Beacon Courses.

This meeting will take place on Tuesday, 8th May, and continue four days, with two Trotting Races each day—the first at 2 o'clock, and the second at 4 o'clock.

Every effort will be made to place the Trotting upon this course upon the greatest respectability. To accomplish this object, Rules and Regulations will be adopted, and furnished to each member procuring a ticket, or entering a horse for a purse. They will in every instance be rigidly enforced, and these Rules will conform to those of the New York Jockey Club as near as may be compatible with Trotting, especially as to all foul riding, management, compromise, or agreement, of riders or persons entering horses.

The horses will start punctually at the hours named, and all practising of the horses must be done before the hour of starting.

Officers will be employed to preserve the best order.

First day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money, Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same Day, at 4 o'clock—A Purse of $30, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Second day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—A Purse of $200, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats, in Harness.

Third day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—A Purse of $200, free for all trotting horses except the winner of the first day's free purse, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Fourth day, at 2 o'clock—A Purse of $200, free for all trotting horses, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses except the winners of the above free purses, Two mile heats, in Harness.

☞ All entries to be made with the subscribor under seal, addressed to the Secretary, enclosing the entrance money (10 per cent. on the purse) and describing the horse, color, name, and rider's dress. The entries to be made at the Beacon Course, the day preceding each trot, before 6 o'clock, P.M.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary of the Beacon Course.

☞ THE FIRST REGULAR RACE MEETING, Spring 1833, will commence over the Beacon Course on Tuesday, 15th May, and continue four days.

New York, May 4, 1838 A. L. B., Sec'y.

MICHIGAN MONEY.

ALL the Detroit Banks, and most of the Chartered County Banks of Michigan, wanted at a low rate of discount. Also,

Philadelphia, Connecticut,
Baltimore, Eastern,
Virginia, District of Columbia.

Drafts on all parts of the United States collected. Bills of *5l.* and upward on England, Ireland, and Scotland, on hand.

500 Sovereigns, 200 Napoleons, 100 Doubloons. } and every other kind of Gold and Silver.

Doubtful and broken Bank Notes bought at the best rates.

[m5-1t] SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall-st.

BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN, N. J.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING over the Beacon Course, in New Jersey, opposite the City of New York, will commence the 3d Tuesday in May (15th), thus allowing one week of interval between the Union and the Beacon.

FIRST DAY—*Tuesday*.—A Sweepstakes, sub. $300, ft. $100, privilege to declare forfeit by 1st April, $50, Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. William Gibbons names b. c. *Saracen*, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch.
2. J. H. Vanmater names s. c. by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar.
3. John C. Stevens names ro. f. by Eclipse, out of Goliah's dam.
4. H. Wilkes names s. c. full brother to Dr. Syntax.

Same Day—Sweepstakes, sub. $200, ft. $50, privilege to declare forfeit by 1st April, $25. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm Gibbons names gr. c. *Avalanche*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by First Consul.
2. J. H. Vanmater names s. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe.
3. John C. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Lady Jackson.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names b. c. by Eclipse, out of Meg Dodds.
5. Combs & Ellis names ch. c. *Eliptic* by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Amanda.
6. Robt. Tillotson names ch. c. full brother to Russet.

SECOND DAY—*Wednesday*.—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
THIRD DAY—*Thursday*.—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
FOURTH DAY—*Friday*.—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Same Day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.
C. S. BROWNING.

[m3-tf.]

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamuts and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

ALEXANDER, by Pacolet, out of Jenny Ribond by Doublehead—at Dr. John D. Winston & Co.'s stable, Columbia, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 the season.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, and $75 to insure.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant—at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin Co., Ky., at $50.

BRAVO, by Waxey, dam by Imp. Buzzard—at Birch & Shirley's stable, Elizabethtown, Ky. at $25, and $30 to insure.

BERTRAND Jr., will stand the present season at H. Dalby's stable, Augusta Ga., at $60 the season.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna—at Fairfield race course, Va. at $75 and $125.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70 the season.

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp by Gohanna, will stand at the stables of Alexander Carter, at Mount Meigs, Ala., at $100.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison—at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Pilot's dam by Gallatin—in the vicinity of Lancaster, Pa.

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima—at the stable of Jas. Bathgate, Esq., in the village of West Farms, 12 miles from the City of New York, at $40—$60 to insure.

DRONE, by Mons Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, will stand at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, at $30 the season, and $50 to insure.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, will stand at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season and $120 to insure.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, will stand at the stable of Capt. Edward H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. C.

FRANCIS MARION, by Marion, out of Malvina by Old Sir Archy—at the stable of James J. Pittman, Marianna, Florida, at $50, payable 1st Dec. next.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford by Imp. Bedford—at Jilson Yates & Co.'s stable, Shelbyville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

GOVERNOR BURTON, by Mons. Tonson, out of Lady Burton—at Rutherfordton and Morganton, N. C., at $20, and $30 to insure.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time ALBERT A. JETER

HIAZIM, by Sir Archie, out of Jenny (the dam of Polly Hopkins) by Imp. Archduke—at John Scott's stable, Cynthiana, Harrison Co., Ky.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JACKSON, by John Richards, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Pendleton and Greenville, S. C., at $20 for half-blood, and $30 for blood mares; $50 to insure.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LITTLE TURTLE, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel, grandam by Eclipse, (Buford's) will stand at Grass Hills, Gallatin Co., Ky., at $20. The best kind of grasses gratis.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, will stand at Oaks, Limestone County, Ala., the residence of Dr. A. Whitlocke, at $100—$120 at the end of the year—$200 insurance—$1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid by Orville, will stand at McMinnville Tenn., under the care of Alex. Black, at $60, $100 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth County, N. J., at $40 to insure.

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop by Duroc—at Bason Spring, Breckenridge, Ky., at $30

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, will stand at Thomas A. Pankey's stable, at Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn., at $100 the season—$1 to groom

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel, will stand at Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season. JOHN MORRISON.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc—at the stable of James Holmes, Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand in the town of Pulaski, Tenn., under the care of Jesse Luton, at $40 and $60.

RATTLER will stand at the farm of G. W. Parker, two miles north of Gallatin, Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy—at Charlotte Courthouse, Va., at $60 and $100.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, will stand at the stables of L. P. Cheatham, 2 miles from Nashville, Tenn., at $100, $125 to insure, $1 to the groom.

ST. GILES, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Ascot Lass by Ardrossan, will stand at the stable of James Jackson, near Florence, Ala., at $60, and $1 to the groom.

SENATOR, by Bertrand, out of Princess by Pacolet—at the stable of Dr. J. D. Winston & Lewis Sherley, Burksville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

STAFFORD, *Imported*, by Memnon, dam by Piscator, grandam by Sir Peter—at the Plantation of J. Wright, near Cheraw, S. C.—[*]

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttlemore—at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50 and $100.

STOCKHOLDER, by Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen—at Hopkinsville, Christian County, Ky. at $50—$75 to insure—$1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Esq. Jassamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

WOODPECKER, by Bertrand, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford—at the farm of John Cunningham, Bourbon County, Ky., at $50.

ZINGANEE, (Garrison's), by Sir Archy, out of Atalanta by Imp. Chance—at Dr. J. C. Gibson's farm, near Culpeper Court House, Va.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1838.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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